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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1958.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Neutralisation

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's guarded reference to the "neutralisation" of the offshore islands will be welcomed less as a possible ground of solution to the present crisis than as an indication that both domestic and allied misgivings about American policy have not passed unnoticed. Whether the idea will take any part in the forthcoming Sino-American talks in Warsaw will depend on the Nationalists. Mr. Eisenhower has said that America would not "be a party to any arrangement which would prejudice the rights" of the Chiang Kai-shek government, and as the islands are currently held and defended by Formosa presumably neutralisation will not be discussed unless the Nationalists are willing.

Questions

ANOTHER big question is what does the idea entail?—and until it is clarified it would be rash to speculate on Peking's reaction. Yet another big question is whether the Communists will be prepared to confine talks to just the offshore islands war. These considerations will all have a considerable bearing on the outcome of the talks for clearly America is not qualified to deal with the larger issues between Peking and Taipei, and its own policy towards China does not suggest that there are many subjects which can be fruitfully discussed. Whether there is any hope of talks at the United Nations achieving success is doubtful. China is not a member. Yet she may feel that the issues to be settled are big enough to require her presence.

Hopetful

THE most hopeful sign in the President's speech is his desire to let diplomacy "find a way out." But its strength lies in the impact it is likely to make at home and abroad. Mr. Eisenhower showed that he does not seek solutions solely by bringing his military deterrents as near to the China coast as he deems prudent. He appears to recognise reluctance in the country to going to war over the islands but at the same time he is out to maintain as firm a line as he feels the nation will accept. And despite the nervousness of America's allies over the consequences of "brinkmanship," the declaration of "no appeasement" is one which will be widely hailed.

Intercepted by Soviet Fighters U.S. PLANE DOWN IN RUSSIA

Six Killed, 11 Missing

Washington, Sept. 12.

An unarmed U.S. Air Force transport crashed in southwest Russia with the loss of six lives on September 2 after it was intercepted by Soviet fighters near the Soviet frontier, the State Department disclosed tonight.

The department said it did not know whether the plane, a C-130 Turbojet, was shot down or crashed for some other reason.

But it said the plane was intercepted near the Soviet-Turkish border by Russian fighter planes. The Department said the aircraft disappeared under control of the Soviet fighters and later an explosion was heard. The aircraft carried a crew of 17 men. Eleven are still unaccounted for.

Its Route

The plane was making a flight scheduled entirely within Turkish air space. It was to have gone from Adana on the Mediterranean to Trabzon on the Black Sea, to Van on Lake Van in Turkey, and back to Adana.

The United States asked Russia and Iran on September 6 for any available information about the four-engine plane and its crew. The State Department said Russia informed the U.S. embassy in Moscow today that remnants of a burned U.S. Air Force plane had been found at a point inside Soviet territory. The spot was located at about 30 miles northwest of Yerevan, capital of the Armenian Soviet socialist republic.

Search Sought

The State Department said Russia reported that remains discovered so far indicated six crewmen perished. Richard H. Davis, senior member of the U.S. Embassy, pressed the Soviets without success for information about the other 11 men, it said.

Mr. Davis also asked the Soviets to conduct a search for the missing man and to permit an American official to visit the site of the crash. He requested that the remains of the six victims be transferred to the United States for burial.

The department said Russia charged that the American plane

intentionally flew deep inside Soviet air space. The Russians protested against the violation.

In rebuttal, the Department said an investigation showed the U.S. plane was intercepted by Soviet fighters in the Turkish-Soviet border area near Kars in Turkey. Kars is about 35 miles from the border.

Urgent

The Department said, "The course of the C-130 was then directed eastward under control of the Soviet aircraft. Following this there was an explosion... and a column of smoke was seen rising... within Soviet territory."

It said the U.S. Embassy in Moscow was being instructed to press Russia "on an urgent basis" to locate the bodies of the 11 missing airmen.

The Department said it was unable to state the purpose of the American plane's flight. It also was unable to say whether C-130s normally carry a crew of 17.—U.P.I.

Decoy Weapon

Cape Canaveral, Sept. 12. A small missile, believed to be the highly-secret guided decoy weapon "Goose" was launched here today with two jet planes following it. The job of the "Goose" is to confuse enemy radar so that attacking bombers or other missiles with nuclear warheads can reach their target unimpeded.—Reuter.

TAIWAN WON'T ACCEPT CEASE-FIRE: YEH

Washington, Sept. 12.

The new Nationalist Ambassador to the United States, George Yeh, said today that his Government will not accept a Formosa Strait cease-fire suggested by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

Can The Nationalists Keep Open Lifeline To Quemoy?

By BRUCE RUSSELL

Taipei, Sept. 13.

Serious doubts were expressed here today about the ability of the Nationalist Chinese to keep the Quemoy Island group supplied under the present system of limited escort aid by the American Seventh Fleet.

Strongest criticism of the present convoy system was made by Lieutenant-General Ko Yang-fon, Deputy Commander of the beleaguered Quemoy garrison. He said in an interview published by the official Nationalist news agency that the American naval escorts standing out in international waters were of "very little help to Chinese vessels."

Difficult

Some American military sources also expressed the view that it was going to be difficult to keep up sea supplies for the island's 150,000 military and civilians with 370 Communist shoreguns placing heavy and accurate fire on landing beaches. The record Communist bombardment yesterday forced a Nationalist convoy to put out to sea again with most of its cargo.

The Communists were today continuing to hit out at anything coming into the Quemoy islands to try to shut off communications. They directed their shell fire at two aeroplanes early this morning holding one with shrapnel, according to journalists who returned from the island today.—Reuter.

Indonesians To Get Arms From Communist Bloc

Djakarta, Sept. 12. Indonesian sources tonight said that she was prepared to get arms "elsewhere" after Britain's refusal to sell military equipment to the republic.

A one-sentence Indonesian Foreign Ministry statement did not elaborate, but observers took the reference to mean a possible further approach to the Communist bloc.

A ministry spokesman, Mr. Gains Harsono, released the statement which said: "It is the sovereign right of the British Government not to sell heavy arms to Indonesia but on the other hand it is also the sovereign right of Indonesia to get them elsewhere."

The Republic was understood to have sought warships and naval aircraft from Britain, which shelved the request after talks with Holland and Australia.—Reuter.

Yeh also flatly rejected the thought of demilitarizing, neutralizing or withdrawal of Nationalist forces from the offshore island of Quemoy and Matsui.

He made the statement in an interview on his arrival from Formosa where until recently, he was Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Foreign Minister.

Submission

"We shall neither be cowed into submission or be persuaded by any third party to accept a political solution over any part of our territory," Yeh said in a prepared arrival statement.

He said the present U.S. 7th Fleet convoy system is "inadequate" to help Nationalist China deliver food and ammunition to the Quemoy defenders. He declined to say whether he thought it necessary for American ships to go up to the Quemoy coast or whether the United States should shoot back at the Communist artillery and blockade vessels.

As to the wisdom of the United States attempting to negotiate with Chinese Communists at Warsaw, Yeh said the United States had held such talks in Geneva for a long time and he did not expect them to accomplish an acceptable settlement.—U.P.I.

Castle For Queen

Accra, Sept. 12.

The Queen has accepted a Ghana Government invitation for her to use Christiansborg Castle in Accra as her residence when she visits Ghana next year, the office of the Prime Minister, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, announced.

The castle, former seat of Gold Coast governors, was built by Danes in 1689. Dr. Nkrumah took it over after Ghana was granted independence. In March, last year, and renamed it Government House, Osu—China Mail Special.

LORD MAYOR MAY COME TO HK TO DEFEND SOLDIER

Liverpool, Sept. 12.

Liverpool's solicitor Lord Mayor, Alderman Harry Livermore, was asked today to fly out to Hongkong to defend a British soldier reported to have been charged with murder.

The soldier is Sapper Terence Logan, of the Royal Engineers. His father, Mr. John Logan, said the first he heard about the matter was when the youth wrote home in July saying he was under close arrest with four other soldiers after a fight in a services canteen.

Last Saturday, Mr. Logan received another letter from his son's Commanding Officer which said that Terence would be court-martialed on a murder charge because another soldier, not one of the five arrested, had died.

Not Alone

Mr. Logan approached Liverpool's Member of Parliament, Mrs. Eadie Brodbeck, about the matter and she advised him to see Alderman Livermore. The Lord Mayor said he would have to decide whether he could leave his duties to go to Hongkong.

"We want someone from Liverpool to defend him to show he is not alone," Mr. Logan commented. "If necessary I will fly out there for the trial provided I can raise the money."—China Mail Special.

THIRD BATTALION TO MOVE OUT

Beirut, Sept. 12.

Rollable military sources received today that a third marine battalion is pulling out of Lebanon early next week.

This would leave only one battalion of marines and some 8,000 army paratroops here.

The sources also said an empty army troop ship will arrive in Beirut next week on an undisclosed mission.—U.P.I.

Indian Loan

Washington, Sept. 12.

The World Bank today announced that it was lending \$85 million to India to help meet foreign exchange costs of an Indian railways development plan.—Reuter.

Faubus Closes Little Rock School

Little Rock, Sept. 12.

GOVERNOR Orval E. Faubus late today ordered Central High School closed in the face of a U.S. Supreme Court order to open it to negroes on Monday.

As Mr. Faubus signed the proclamation, Sheriff Tom Guley waited in an anteroom to serve him a petition for declaratory judgment on the school closing law.

After he signed, he let Sheriff Guley in and accepted the service. A suit for a declaratory judgment is a request for a court test of the constitutionality of a law.

The proclamation ordered Central closed as of 8 a.m. Monday, 30 minutes before it would have opened.

It also ordered a special election for October 7, so the people of the school district can decide whether they want it reopened on an integrated basis.

The proclamation said nothing about reopening Central in the meantime as a private school with negroes barred.

Before he signed the proclamation, he signed into law a bill permitting him to close the school.

In Newport, President Eisenhower appealed to Americans to "avoid defiance" of the Supreme Court ruling refusing the Little Rock school board any delay in integration at the Central High School.

If the high tribunal's order for an immediate go-ahead on racial integration at Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, is defied, then anarchy will result, Mr. Eisenhower said.

"I appeal to the sense of civic responsibility that animates the vast majority of our citizens to avoid defiance of the court's orders in this matter," Mr. Eisenhower said.—U.P.I. and Reuter.

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D 106	3 qt. Chrome Kettle	5-12-6	5-5-0
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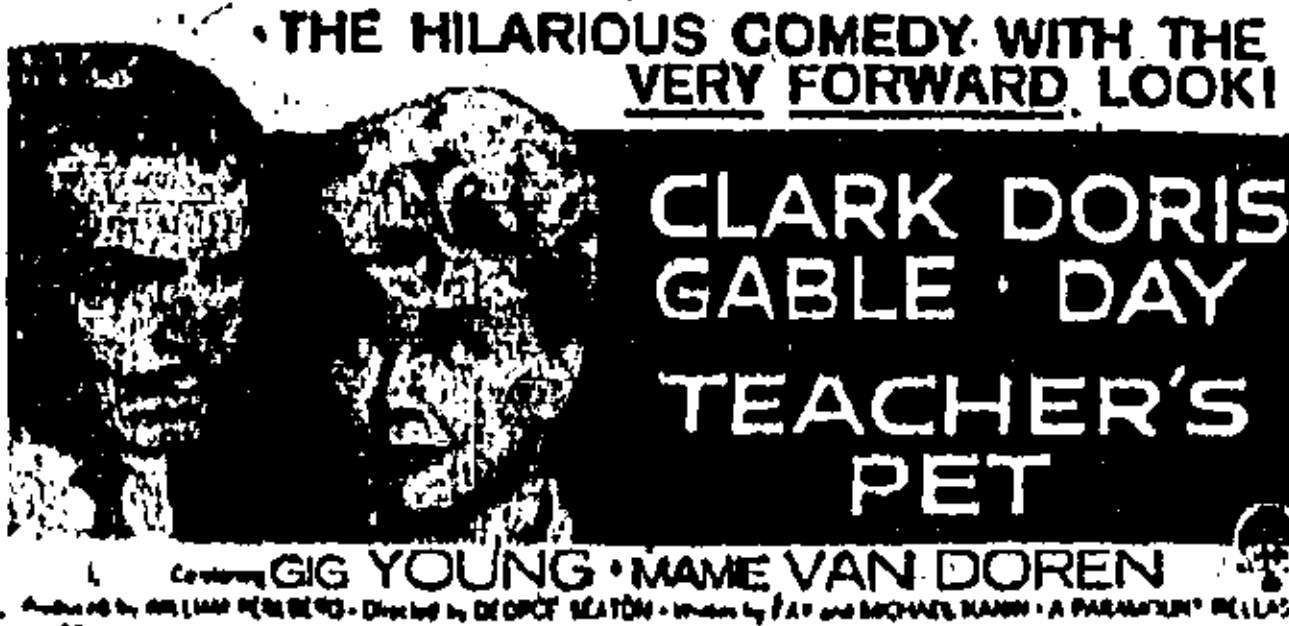


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"BRUTE FORCE"

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— NEXT CHANGE —
Dennis O'Keefe in
"LADY OF VENGEANCE"

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

"Though on the sign it is written: 'Don't pluck these blossoms'—it is useless against the wind, which cannot read."

I GAVE it long ago that Richard Mason's book, "The Wind Cannot Read," was crying out for film treatment, for apart from its romantic background, and the setting in India which the modern camera can exploit to the ultimate, the book had that one characteristic which above all others, makes it an outstanding example of what a story should be...it is sincere.

Now no matter what your personal opinion is, and no matter what views you bring to the film, it has recaptured that atmosphere of sincerity. You might have that blimp complex and agree with Fenwick of the late that Sabby is no more than a sleeping dictionary. Very well, you are entitled to that view, but you cannot get at the sincerity of the film.

I first read the book eleven years ago, and at the time I asked myself, how much of this is true? The setting is of secondary importance, merely beautifully incidental to the film, but the romance itself is true, and I think something like it did take place for a few story so full of authentic trivia, things belonging to stolen nights of romance, cannot be made up just out of your head.

Dirk Bogarde, as Flight-Lieutenant Michael Quinn, steps nearer to the peak which must be his ultimately, as the world's leading romantic actor. It is not inconceivable that he will occupy the position once filled by Leslie Howard. Certainly in this film, his part calls for the most sensitive performance he has yet given. And he is equal to the demand, and his acting is the greater in that his role is balanced between scenes of appalling cruelty, and of his overwhelming love for the Japanese "Sabby" the tutor of his language class.

Yoko Tani, who takes over the role of "Sabby" is an accomplished actress in her own right. This Paris based Japanese girl brings the character of Sabby to life. "Sabby" of the book is a girl fully conversant with the Occidental way of life, yet she never loses her Oriental background.

If I interpret this right, it was this naive sophistication which fascinated the young RAF officer. And if I see right, it was Miss Yoko Tani's interpretation of this difficult role that led her to gain the universal acclaim of the London

critics. Yoko Tani was no nervous after the London premiere that she locked herself away, but the next morning's newspapers brought her the delicious delight of popular applause.

Only three times in England did I sit in a crowded cinema, and the second time was to see "The Wind Cannot Read," so on that account, and with the confidence of public acclaim, I have no hesitation in telling you to put this film on your list.

This film is going to be compared with the highly successful "Sayonara." Technically, it is equal to all that film obtained and "The Wind Cannot Read" now showing at the Lee and Astor has the advantage of placing within the film some wonderful colour effects of the Taj Mahal. The film exploits such locations to the utmost, and the audience seems overwhelmed by the sheer beauty of the love story in such a setting.

Secondly, "The Wind Cannot Read" has a sincerity that was lacking in "Sayonara." You recall that the latter film, in order to obtain the maximum emotional effect, portrayed the American Servicemen as so many cold-blooded killers, and with a charming, artistic people. Although not an American, I took umbrage at that.

The cruelty, the atrocities of the Japanese Army at war, cannot be forgotten or ruled out, just because Hollywood says so. In "The Wind Cannot Read," Producer Betty Fox faces the challenge of fact very boldly, and shows that in spite of the hell, cruelty brings to the lives of all people at war, there are some who find a very heaven against such a background. Yoko Tani and Dirk Bogarde carry the film, but other parts I liked were played by Ronald Fraser, George Sanders, and Anthony Bushell as the Brigadier in charge of the language school.

To speak of the incidents which leap out of the film, and cause strong audience reaction would be to spoil the producer's art, therefore I confine myself to saying that there are quiet moments in the film when the audience is lulled into the false security of imagining they are going along the conventional cinematic path, but then, out of the blue, incidents occur. This is purely technical, but worth pointing out to those who like to make over a film, and analyse the qualities which make it above the ordinary. And this is such a film.

★ ★ ★
"The Whole Truth," showing at the King's and Princess, is a murder and chase story, lifted out of the routine of such pictures, by a three star cast. The plot is unusual in that the audience is in the 'know' right from the beginning, and kind of match their ideas with how it is to work out, with the script writer who has already thought his way through the difficulty.

As the obvious qualities of this film are with the cast, let us see how they are arranged. George Sanders is back at the old business of being the absolutely ruthless and redeemed this time by being one of those psychopathic cases who appear normal but are alarmingly not.

For my part, I enjoyed his performance, as I do every performance Sanders has given. That so refined manner of expression, that quiet controlled gentlemanly way of saying the most audacious things certainly appeals to me.

Stewart Granger is the good boy...well...not too good, or he wouldn't have been in trouble, and the trouble is, he has loved well, but not wisely, and as a consequence, Nemesis catches up with him in the person of George Sanders, and there's trouble, trouble, all the way, until his lovely wife proves what many men refuse to admit: a woman can be beautiful and still have brains.

Donna Reed is the beautiful wife of Stewart Granger and by as nice a bit of business I've seen in films for a time, she gets her undeserving husband out

of as nasty a mess as a man could be in.

Well, as I have already said, with these three stars leading the cast, they'd make a good film out of the worst script ever to emerge from the writers' block, but as a matter of fact, this is quite a good script.

The whole business is taken on the Riviera, and most of it takes place at night among the shadows in old courtyards and narrow alleys.

The girl who gets herself murdered is Gianna Maria Canale, who in the short time she is seen by us, gives a most convincing scene as a temperamental actress.

After that scene, I could not see why they should call it murder, just because someone kills her, but as a matter of fact she wasn't killed for that, but for the usual old reason.

A worth while film, a bit conventional in style after the order of these fast moving thriller films, but moved out the rut by three first class performances.

★ ★ ★

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NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

LEE & ASTOR: "The Wind Cannot Read." Dirk Bogarde and Yoko Tani in a film version of Richard Mason's best seller. Made in colour, set in India, this film recaptures the atmosphere of the tender theme of the book, and is outstanding for performance by the leading actors.

Also, Ronald Lewis; John Fraser; Anthony Bushell; Henry O'Connell; Marie Malland; and Michael Medwin.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Whole Truth." Slick sophisticated, you-know-who-dunnit murder thriller. Set in the Riviera. Top casting. Fast moving, exciting night chase through back streets, make this conventional film theme a head above the ordinary. Stewart Granger; Donna Reed; and George Sanders.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Last of the Fast Guns." By no means the last of the gun-slinging films. Made in

colour, made to order, a satisfying film for boys and grown up boys who like to see this fancy gun stuff. Jack Mahoney; Gilbert Roland; Linda Cristal; with Edward Franz and Lorne Greene.

HOOPER & PARAMOUNT: "Proud Rebel." Rough action; terrific stunts; new theme; and introducing "King" the new film in Technicolor, well directed, fast pace. Alan Ladd; Olivia de Havilland; Dean Jagger; and David Ladd.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Orders to Kill." Without doubt, the finest secret agent film ever made. Terribly authentic; expose; emphasis on men rather than cloak and dagger; a must for intelligent people. Eddie Albert; Paul Masni; Lillian Gish; and James Robertson Justice.

COMING

LEE & ASTOR: "The Left Handed Gun." Paul Newman as a handsome version of the hoodlum desperado, Billy the Kid. Romantic. Robin Hoodish; not an ounce of fact; well made, fast moving; another night out for western fans. Paul Newman; Ella Milne; John Dehner; Hurd Hatfield.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Gunman's Walk." Western which has father gunning for son. Well made; colour; well cast; a theme song thrown in. Van Heflin; Tab Hunter; Kathryn Grant; James Darren; with Mickey Shaughnessy.

STAR & METROPOLE: "My Wife's Family." Associated British film featuring two of Britain's laughter acts. Made in colour; domestic humour;

laugh for those in the know. Ronald Shiner; Ted Ray; also Greta Gynt and Robertson Hare.

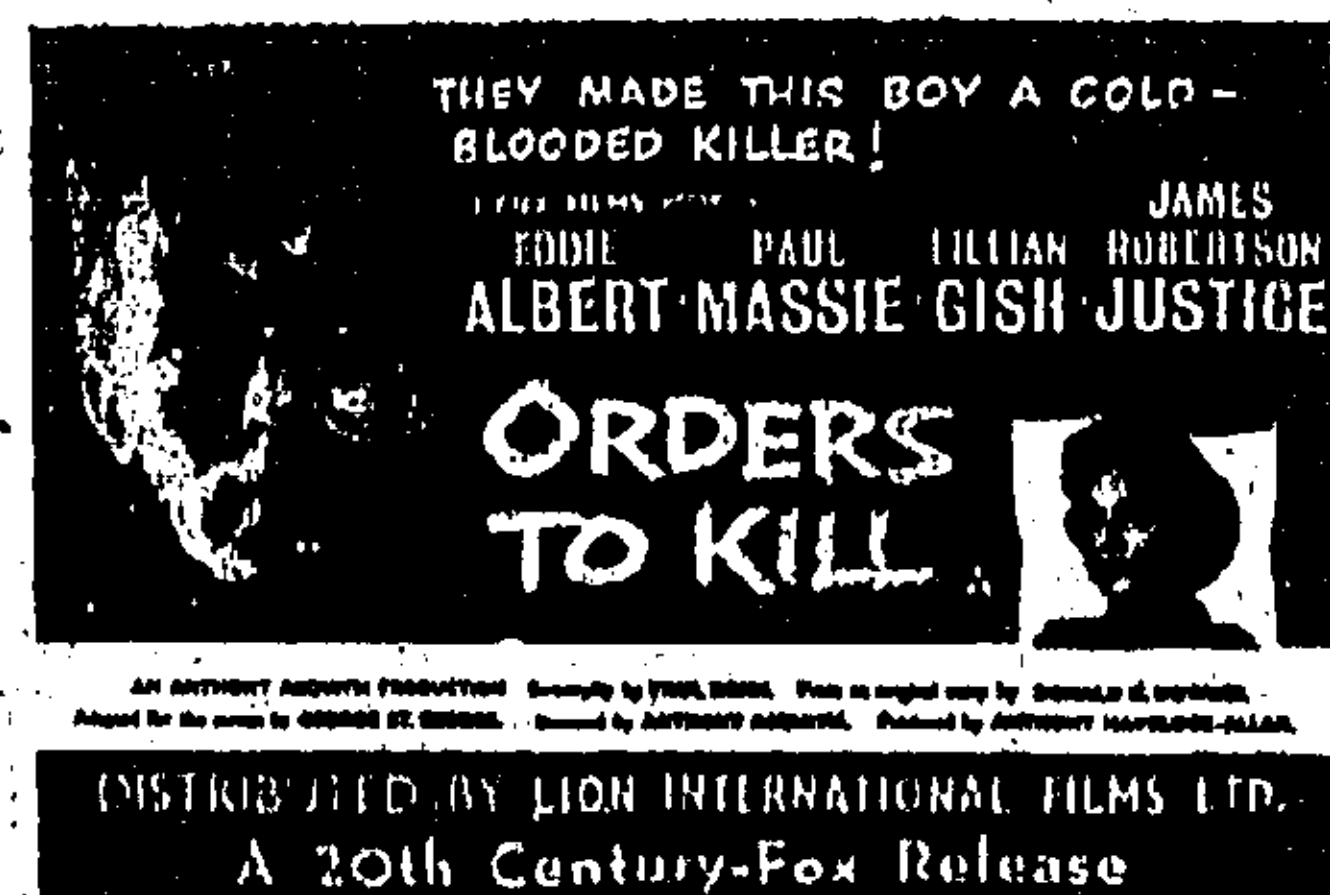
HOOPER & PARAMOUNT: "Imitation General." One of those satisfying comedies which proves the myth entertained in all armies: that the N.C.O. knows more than the officer. Well made; very successful; top direction; 100% audience rating. Glenn Ford and Red Buttons; with Taina Elg and Dean Jones.

ROXY & BROADWAY: Harry Black and the Tiger. London critics consider this one of the outstanding films of the year. Unusual theme; brilliantly directed; terribly authentic; excellent sustained. Stewart Granger; Barbara Rush; and Anthony Steel.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon

RKO Radio presents

In CINEMASCOPE & COLOR

"THE CONQUEROR"

Starring: John WAYNE

Susan HAYWARD

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.

THREE STOOGES COMEDY

& TECHNICOLOR

CARTOONS PROGRAMME

At 12.30 p.m.

M.G.M. presents

"THE SWAN"

BROADWAY: Free drinks of "BUBBLE UP" To-morrow

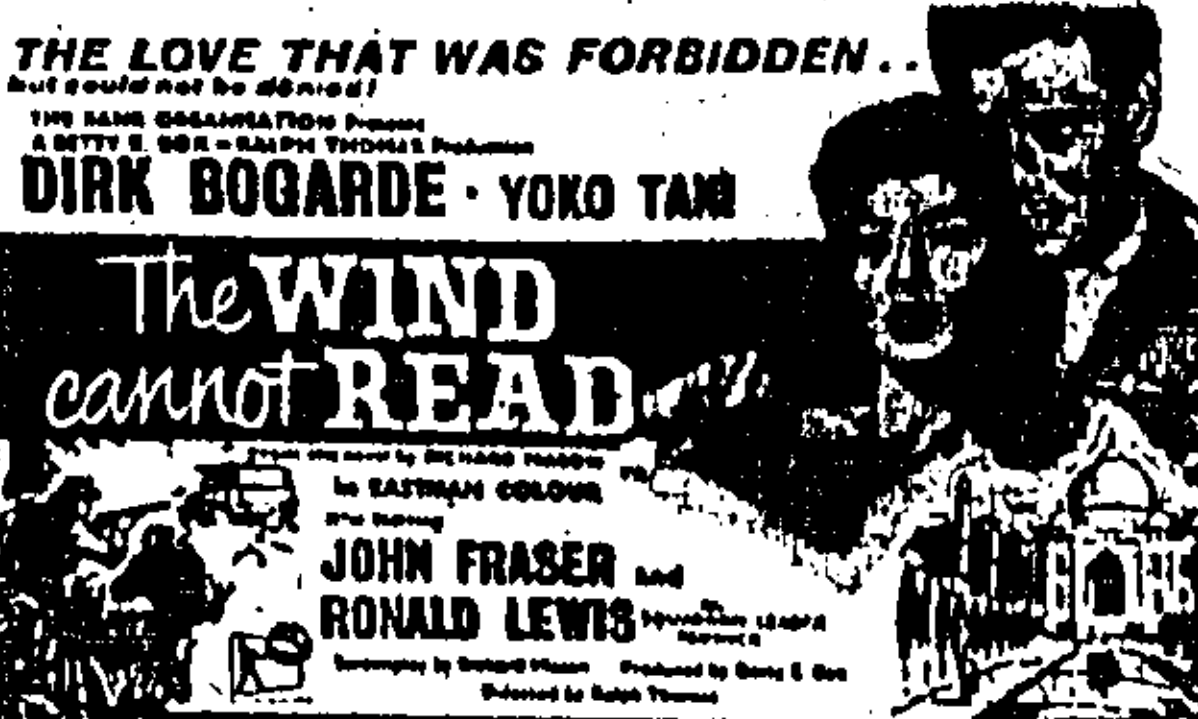
At 11.00 a.m. & 12.30 p.m.

Lee & Astor

72436 (Booking Office) 67177

SHOWING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



LEE THEATRE
To-morrow at 11.30 a.m.
WALT DISNEY'S
CARTOONS

Monday Morning Show
"DOCTOR AT SEA"

ASTOR THEATRE
Morning Show To-morrow
At 11.00 a.m.
TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m.
TEA AND SYMPATHY

HOOPER & PARAMOUNT

TEL. 72371 TEL. 54530

SHOWING TO-DAY



SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION

Hoover at 12.00 noon
Stewart Granger
Grace Kelly in
"GREEN FIRE"

Paramount at 10.15 a.m.
Jeff Chandler
Julie Adams in
"AWAY ALL BOATS"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

AIR-CONDITIONED

— SHOWING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO-DAY —
2.30—5.30—7.30 2.30—5.20—7.30
& 9.30 P.M. & 9.30 P.M.



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
— AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES —
"D-DAY, the 6th JUNE" "BABIES IN BAGDAD"

NEW IN KOWLOON

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ENJOY FINEST
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OTHER ENTRANCE
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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

FILMS

(Continued from Page 2)
Leslie French as the go-between, under suspicion with the sympathy of the audience. Everything about him seems open and above board. He warns Paul of the Gestapo raid, but the agent is denied any finer feelings.

A very fine scene is when Irene Worth bursts into a cold fury when Paul Massie breaks security. In bitter tones she warns him his is not to reason with, but to carry out orders. To murder in cold blood.

James Robertson Justice, as the chief instructor of the agents, seems to hold the theory, and with good purpose, that civilians must be taught to murder if they regard their victims as human beings. "Think of this man as a two dimensional photograph in a life," he says.

"This film has everything a film of this kind needs. A splendid cast, brilliant acting, moments of sustained suspense, but above all, the desperate and haunting doubts of men who are reduced to puppets once they cross the line between good and evil. Of such stuff is war made."

"This film goes beyond that. It shows the acute tension upon the souls of men while the thoughtless crowds cheer the victory parades. It is more than a film. It is an experience from which no thoughtful person can emerge and feel quite the same about war."

★ ★ ★
ANOTHER film which deals with the aftermath of war, and its consequences for the innocent is, "Proud Rebel," now on show at the Hoover and the Paramount. The action of the film takes place in the western States at that time following the American Civil War, when bitterness was rife, and only organised war had ceased.

Alan Ladd is a Southerner who is seeking aid for his son (factual in this case) David Ladd, who plays the role of a boy who has been struck dumb during the battle of Atlanta, in which his mother died. In this film is a valuable and highly intelligent sheep dog, "King," whose sale will provide the cash to pay for young Ladd's medical attention. An attempt is made to steal the dog, and we are right back in the rough and tumble of the routine western; fist fights, gun fights; and no holds barred.

When all seems lost, up steps the dauntless Olvin de Havilland, this time as a hard bitten, cussing, but tender hearted farm owner.

The rest you can guess.

Made in colour, with a fine cast, and a rival to the memory of "The Tin Tin in the dog," "King," you have a film which will provide your western fan with a thrilling evening's entertainment.

★ ★ ★
"LAST of the Fast Guns," now on show at the Star and Metropole, is a variation on an old theme. The quick on the draw, Jock Mahoney, rides into a small town, settles an outstanding issue by beating his quarry to the draw, ignores the conventions associated with the dead, is about to withdraw when he is offered another assignment.

This film shows us a sort of sanctuary for these crude bullet allying thugs where they discuss the latest methods in killing. From this hideout, Mahoney emerges as the personification of vengeance, if not law and order, and from then on we are back to the old theme of fancy shooting, and rough house stuff.

The Smart Set's Shop Pulls In The Browsers...

by JOHN CLARKE

THE young peer a few months ago inherited, along with his title, a family mansion that contained a vast library. He went to its shelves for something to read and found in it much of historical interest, but nothing readable.

He went to Hatchard's, the Piccadilly booksellers, and asked their help. Now, on bare-looking shelves in a back room, 200-300 books are being assembled that will give the library a new look.

The young man's choice? Collected works of Ernest Hemingway and Mary Webb and Stefan Zweig, and Eugene

O'Neill, the Oxford classics.

This was shopping for books on a big scale, and Hatchard's were pleased with the taste they were set. But at the other end of the scale, something else pleases them as much.

The office-girls and clerks who work in the West End, who not so long ago were scared by the fame of the shop, are coming in

now and browsing, and buying books.

"I think we have to thank the paper-backs," says Mr Alfred Donati, assistant general manager. "They have done a very good job in introducing books to teenagers and people in their early twenties."

John Hatchard set up his shop in Piccadilly in 1797. "This day," he wrote in his diary on June 30 that year, "by the grace of God, the good will of my friends and £5 in my pocket, I have opened my bookshop."

No Hatchards work for the firm now, but recently two presented themselves—one from Australia, the other from South Africa—and said they were direct descendants.

Their names are in a visitors' book whose first signature is that of the Queen Mother, dated 1941, and whose last pages are full of the signatures of bishops attending the Lambeth conference, who have included a book-buying visit in their trip to London.

The 'Aunt Sally'

Hatchard's general manager is a handsome young Canadian, John Hume, who, by what he calls "sheer luck," has had a meteoric rise to the top in the book-selling world since he bought an old-established bookshop in Montreal, after leaving the First Air Arm.

He has been with Hatchard's only since June, but realises: "We're the prime Aunt Sally with authors. If they don't see their books in our windows, they ring up and ask why."

There is one famous author who visits the shop, anonymously, once a week, and arranges the display of his latest book to his liking. The staff, trained not to discourage browsers, look tolerantly on.

Hatchard's carry a stock of 20-25,000 books. They range from paper-backs to scarce books such as one sold the other day for over £500 and include many beautifully hand-bound books.

Typical prices of these: the six volumes of Churchill's war history, £56, Trevelyan's Social History, four volumes £28.

Exports, too

They believe in giving a fair weight of responsibility to their staff, which encourages sales girls like Janet Bowby, in charge of travel books, an assiduous traveller herself in her holidays, who knows the merits of all her wares, and Mrs Eric Doubleday, whom book-buying families living outside London gladly allow to select the novels they buy.

Hatchard's have a large export trade mostly to America; they are busy with plans for the future.

"The days when people drove up in their carriages to buy books are a long time past," said Mr Donati, without apparent regret. "But just look about you."

And he waved an arm to show off the ground floor. The shop was lunch-hour crowded with young people who had money to spend and who loved books—and not only paper-backs.

MACHINES CAPABLE OF REPRODUCING THEMSELVES PROVED!

MR STAFFORD BEER, head of 40 scientists at the United Steel Company's research department at Sheffield, recently made this startling statement:

"It has been proved that it would be possible to build machines capable of reproducing themselves and, what is more, improve in an evolutionary manner."

Mr Beer was asked: "What of the dangers of these amazing machines running amok, science-fiction fashion, and taking over the world?"

"Like anything else, this new development could be put to evil uses in the hands of the wrong people," he replied. "As for machines getting out of hand, you have to realise that the ability of a brain is strictly limited by its capacity to handle information."

Managers

"If you don't give it enough bits and pieces it can't go beyond certain limits."

Mr Beer, a Londoner with three children, is advocating Government-financed research into cybernetics—a scientific discovery which, he says, can make automation and electronic-calculating machines seem old-fashioned.

He claims that cybernetic machines, with minds more intelligent than men, could manage an industry or show how to run a country's economy.



Stafford Beer

SALVADOR DALI'S LATEST WORK

SYMBOL OF MAN'S Attainment Of Tranquillity



Spectacular Salvador Dali, who made the limp watch the symbol of surrealist art, displays a scale model of his latest creation, a 60-foot butterfly chrysalis—the insect's shell during the transition period.

Called "Crisalida", the new work has as its theme man's transition from anxiety to tranquillity, with symbolic figures in the creature's vast interior representing the process.

More than 13,000 physicians were given a chance to walk through the exhibit and evaluate Dali's concept when the work was unveiled at the recent American Medical Association convention in San Francisco, California.

Tranquilliser

The project was commissioned by the manufacturer of the tranquillising drug "Miltown" distributed world-wide outside the United States and Canada by Lederle Laboratories Division, American Cyanamid Company.

Dali explained the connection between the chrysalis and the drug thus: "The outer structure of Miltown is that of a chrysalis, maximum symbol of the vital nervous which paves the way for the dazzling dawn of the butterfly, in its turn the symbol of the human soul."

Below is a picture of his creation.

FATTER & FATTER SHE BECAME & THEN... SUICIDE!

DR CHRISTINE STACEY was a brilliant gynaecologist. She spent her life ending the worries of childless couples. But she had a secret worry herself. Day by day she was getting fatter.

She went on a diet. But still she put on weight.

Then her health began to fail, and she had to give up her work.

Late one night last week 47-year-old Dr Stacey—who practised under her maiden name—was found dead by her husband at their flat in Highbury House, Balham, S.W.

Mr Alexander Heriot, a surgeon at King's College Hos-

pital, arrived home with their 14-year-old son, John, after a two-week holiday in Norway.

His wife had been dead for eight days. She was in her nightdress. On the bedside table were an empty pill bottle and a note.

Milk bottles stood outside the door, but neighbours suspected nothing. They thought she too was tired.

Dr Stacey was last seen alive by the milkmen. "Leave me

two tins of tomato soup—for lunch tomorrow," she told him. But she never had lunch the following day. The tins were with the milk bottles.

The door of the flat—No. 94 in the 110-flat block—was bolted from the inside.

Forty-four-year-old Mr Heriot crawled in through a 2ft-square hole, used as a refuse tip.

When he opened the door he asked the caretaker to "take John downstairs."

Mr Heriot told friends: "I have looked up and will not be coming back."

He has taken his two sons—the other is ten-year-old Christopher—to stay with relatives.

The Heriots, married in 1940, had lived at Highbury House for eight years.

Dr Stacey, a former registrar at the South London Hospital for Women and Children, was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, and a member of the Royal College of Obstetricians.

VULCAIN
cricket

THE WATCH WITH THE GOLDEN VOICE

The new ladies' wrist alarm watch will not only become the indispensable companion of all active women, but it will turn out to be the ideal gift: it will be received with delight even by women that are already enjoying everything that life can offer.

The new CRICKET ladies' wrist alarm watch combines within the tiny size of a 3 3/4" calibre, the movement of a precision watch with an alarm device. The membrane is made of solid gold to give the melodious sound of the alarm and also makes it proof against corrosion.

Classical elegance
Shock protected
EXACTOMATIC pivoting device

To celebrate its Centenary Vulcain invents the Watch of the Century
Fine watches since 1858

GRAND PRIX

NEW Revlon DISCOVERY

for the woman who wishes she didn't have to put lipstick on 3 or 4 times a day!

Today...you can put radiant color on to stay...all through the day—without drying your lips!

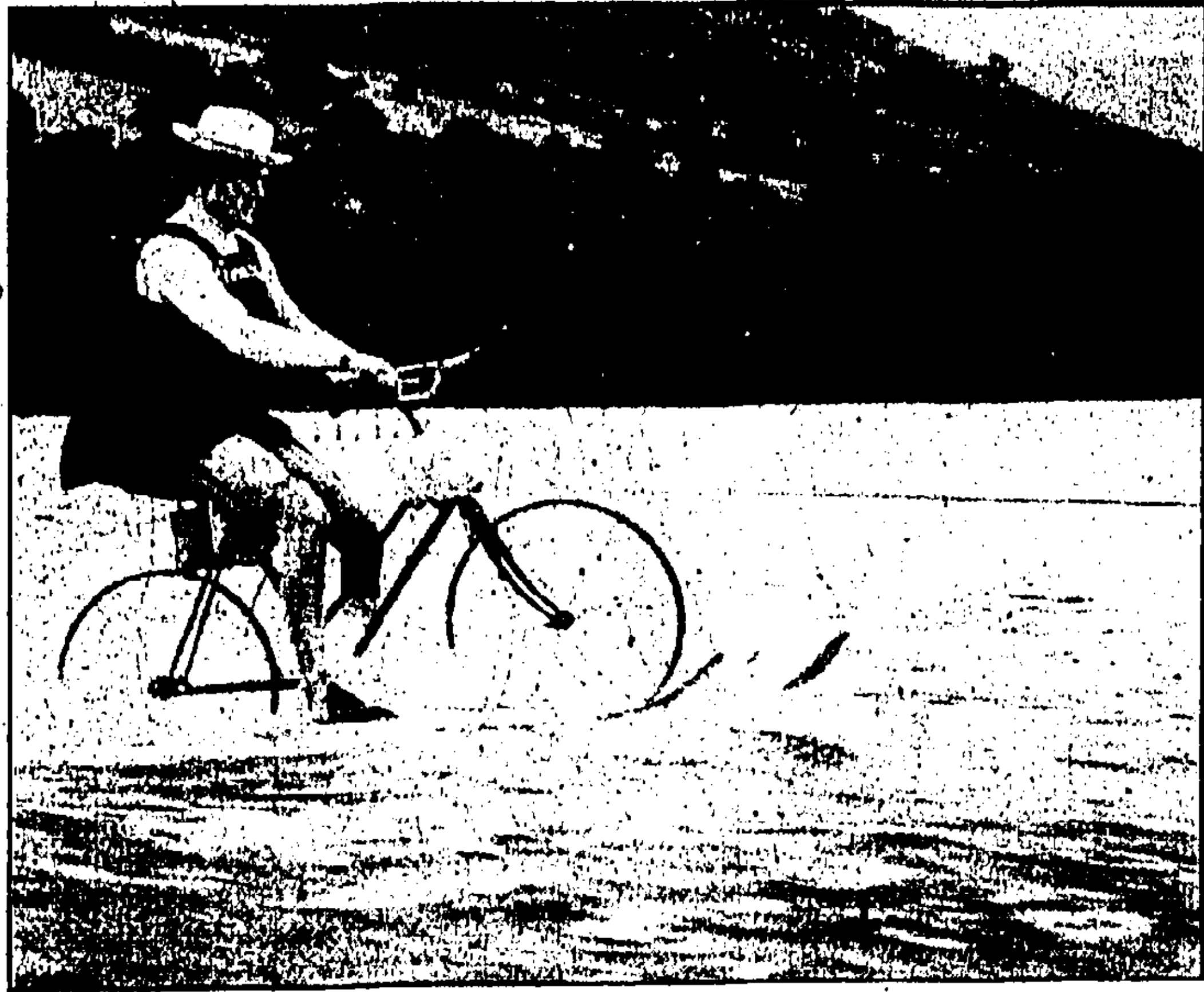
Now you don't have to put lipstick on...and on...all through the day! Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick is the wonderfully new and different non-smear type lipstick—longer lasting and creamy too. It puts fabulous color on to stay—without drying your lips. It's the only non-smear type lipstick enriched with Lanolite, Revlon's exclusive moisture-protecting ingredient to give your lips the fresh, moist look! Choose from 20 fabulous Revlon colors today.

Non-smear Lanolite Lipstick. In luxurious Futurama case.

Revlon's 'Lanolite' Lipstick



HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Light relief to the water ski championships sponsored by the Scottish Daily Express on Loch Earn recently were the antics of a few Scots skiers. Biggest laugh was for the "Belle of St Trinians" bicycling, act of Dougal Campbell, a member of the local club.



LEFT: Plans to adopt a negro child by Mrs. E. MacDougall, mother of actress Maureen Swanson, have been thwarted by South African authorities. After Mrs. MacDougall saved the child's life by giving her expensive medical treatment, the girl's mother said she could keep the child if she wished to. Now, as a result of neighbours' complaints, Mrs. MacDougall cannot live with the girl.



BELOW: Ferryboat engineer Giovanni Borelli, kisses the hand of Lady Patricia Eden, his bride's mother and the sister of Sir Anthony Eden, in his family's home in Ischia, near Naples. He is watched by his family and his bride Amelia Eden.



ABOVE: The Prince of Wales—on holiday with the Royal Family at Balmoral—went shopping in Ballater recently. Here he is, in open-necked shirt and jodpurs, leaving a toy shop. What's in the bag? That's the Prince's secret!



THIS big piggy is not for market. He is made of loofah by the Exhibiting Danish firm, Juke, who sent Bente Gandorf, of Copenhagen (left) and Homme Hunter, of Odense, as escort.



BELOW: American comedian Groucho Marx arriving at London Airport recently with his 28-year-old wife, Eden. Asked by a reporter if he was one of the wealthiest men in show business, Groucho replied: "Yeah, maybe."

ABOVE: Prince Michael of Kent washes up after a meal in an Aachen youth hostel with three Eton friends, Charles Kerry, Nicholas Bolleau, and James Fairbairn, with whom he is making a cycling tour of Europe, at an all-in cost of £30 each.



ABOVE: Violent clashes between white and coloured men and women broke out in London's Notting Hill area recently and quickly spread westwards to involve a new area in Shepherd's Bush. Teenage toughs started the row rushing from street to street on the look for coloured victims. This was more than the patience of the coloured folk could stand and they fought back. Picture shows coloured people looking from upstairs windows as coloured youths emerge from a doorway into the street during the night rioting.

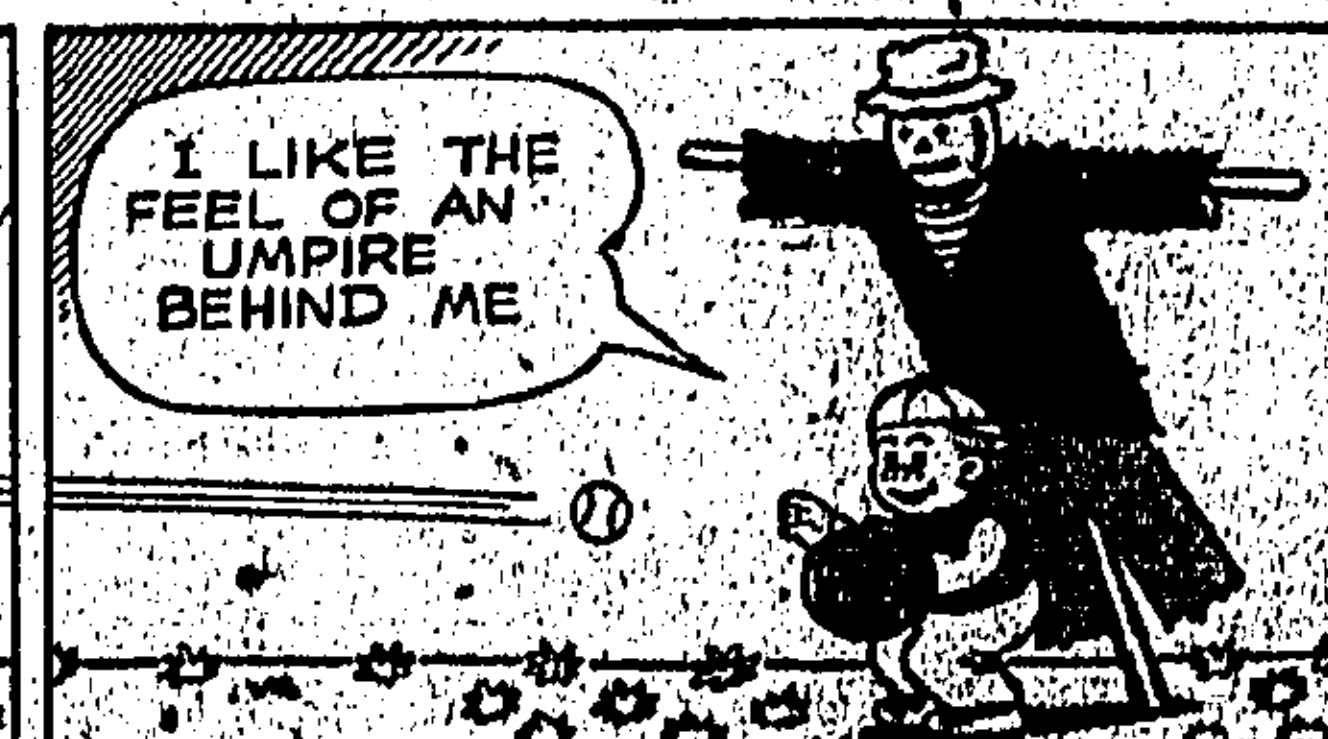
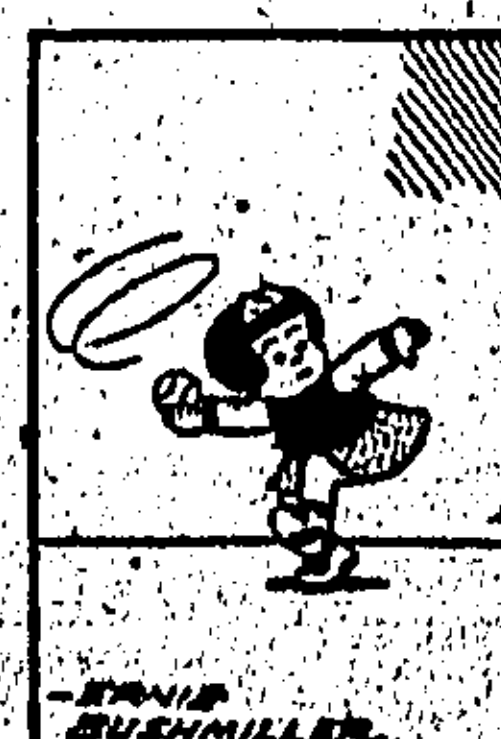
RIGHT: Winner of the title "Miss United Kingdom" at Blackpool recently was 22-year-old Eileen Sheridan, of Walton-on-Thames. Eileen was abandoned on a doorstep at the age of six months, and adopted by the family living in the house. She now wants to find a 21-year-old sister she has never met.—Reutersphoto.



Below: For the first time the Army motor cycle team will use two strokes when they take part in the International six-day trials at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany from September 22 to 27. They are seen with two of the machines they will use in the trials.—Army News Service.



NANCY



By Errol Bushmiller

Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



MA KOO: This is a loan-word from the Chinese and means horse-boy or groom. Leland quotes the phrase *Talkoo mafo* to come chop-chop which I shall not be tedious enough to translate.

MAK TAU: Trademark in Hongkong Cantonese. The first element is based on English mark.

MAKKEE: Make, do, effect, cause. Suppose you makee bur, Makee-learn with much the same sense as learn-pidgin as we have seen above is a popular word with many foreign housewives. Oddly many amahs seem not to know it.

MANDARIN: This word has been in standard English for centuries. It is the English form of the Portuguese mandarin, petty commander or official.

MASKEE: Never mind, notwithstanding, all right, correct, nevertheless, however, but, anyhow. Leland says "this word is used in a very irregular manner." It is recorded for Anglo-Chinese by Partridge, as far back as 1864, and is written *maskee*, *maskee*, *mas-ke* in Pidgin texts. The expression seen above is a popular word with many foreign housewives. Oddly many amahs seem not to know it.

MASSA: Old reports gave this as a Pidgin word but in Hongkong I have only heard *masla* the adaptation of standard English to Cantonese phonology. Massa was probably not even a Pidgin invention but an import via sailors' language. Compare its use in the Southern U.S. and British West Indies.

MOH TA: Motor, as borrowed from English by Hongkong Cantonese. English itself borrowed this word from Latin.

MOH TANG NUI TSZ: Modern girl. The first element is the English modern. This modern girl is rather fast.

MOLO-MAN: A negro, according to Giles, who also gives the variants *moor-men* and *moor-men*. It is the Eastern Portuguese more (standard *moor*), a moor. More still means a dark-complexioned policeman in the Macanese dialect of Hongkong. Giles mentions that the Pidgin form was derived by the Chinese of his day from *mao lou*, ugly face, by folk etymology.

MONG KWONG: Mango in Cantonese. A word of Malayan origin but probably borrowed from English.

MONT-DE-CHIEH: An old word for Cholera attested in Fancui at Canton. This is French folk etymology for *mordexim* an Indo-Portuguese form.

MOXA: The name given to a system of cautery by Japanese and Chinese. Pastilles made of the beaten leaves of *Artimisia Moxa* are applied to the skin and set on fire.

MY: In Pidgin my, I, me, mine; sometimes we, our or ours. It therefore plays a similar role to *me* in Cantonese.

PI PI TSAT: Baby, in Hongkong Cantonese. The first element is said to be the English baby. *Pi pi* nui, baby girl, also occurs.

PING TAO: "Soldier boss." This is described in the older books as old "Coolie Chinese" for *LEE*, the Governor of Hongkong. It is still used. The Governor of Macao is also given this name.

PLENTY: Much, very, very much in Pidgin as in other varieties of contact English. Leland quotes a Pidgin version of "Excelsior" which contains the line: *He mahee wakkee plenty high*.

POH SZ: English boss in local Cantonese.

POOH: Pound, a foreign measure, borrowed from English by Hongkong Cantonese.

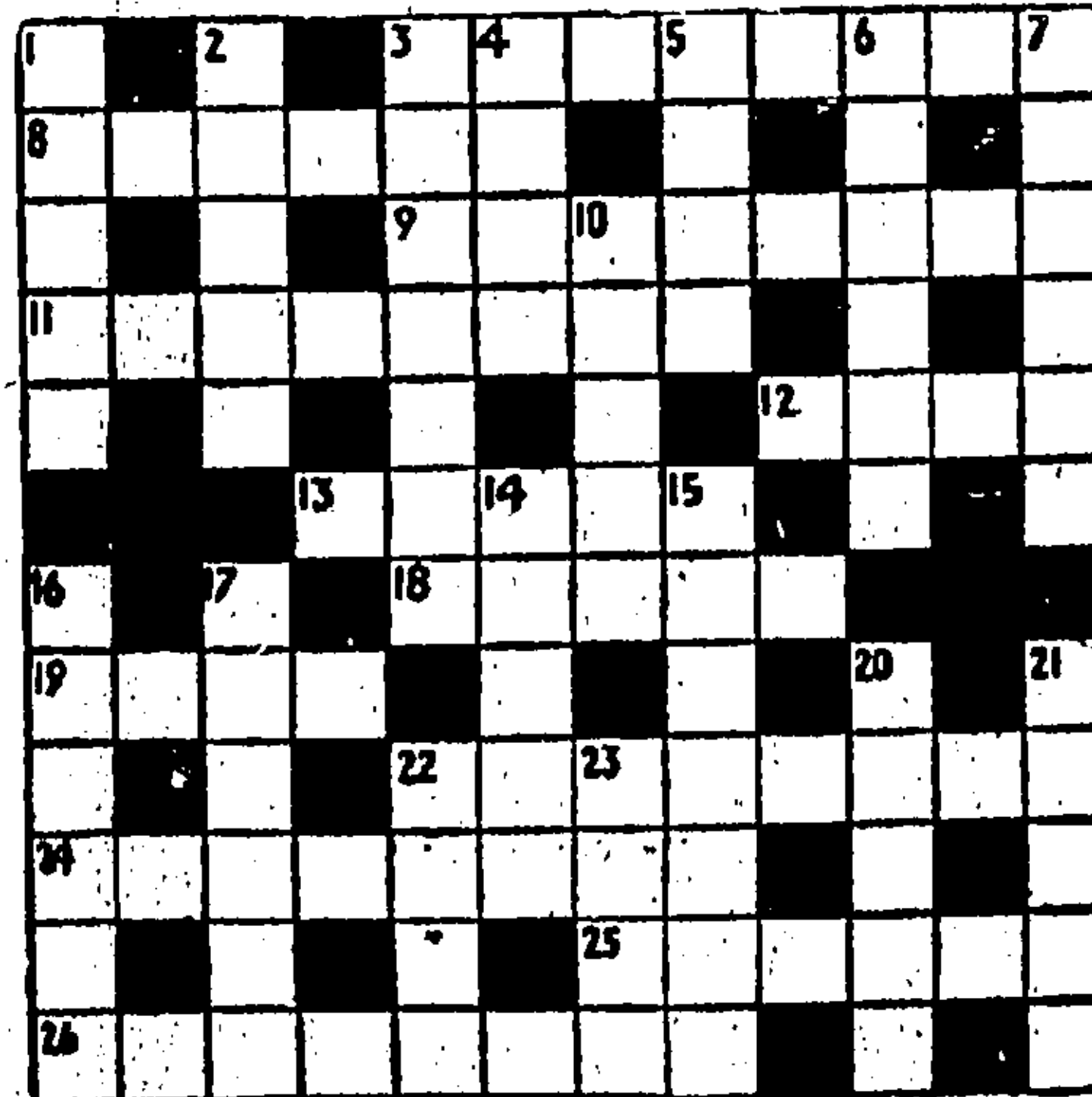
POODLE: As described by "Betty" in Intercepted Letters, published at the beginning of the century they are "generally men (save the mark) in age ranging from eighteen to twenty-five, with a great, grand love for themselves and plenty of time on their hands. They are on the whole obedient, seldom surly, and very good lap-dogs. They can usually dance a little, sing a little, play bridge a little, etc., and generally wear an eyeglass (if they can)."

PO TIN: Local Cantonese for pudding.

PRAYA: An old name for the Victoria waterfront. It is the Portuguese name taken from the famous and beautiful *Praya Grande* at Macao.

PUCKEROW: Steal, in older Anglo-Chinese. It was an Anglo-Indian expression, borrowed from Hindi where it is *pakarao* an imperative, "go and seize." The word was one commonly used by British soldiers serving in India.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Work on hand? It seems so (8).
- 8 Excruciatingly funny? (8).
- 9 Judicial sort of flute (8).
- 11 Holder's legal fee? (8).
- 12 It may be dangerous to boats (4).
- 13 Squeals (8).
- 18 Not taken by the cautious (6).
- 19 In the river (4).
- 22 Leads enchantment, they say (8).
- 24 A Mediterranean sea (8).
- 25 Jewish quarter (8).
- 26 Lack of variety (8).

DOWN

- 1 Seize the throne (5).
- 2 Fireholder (8).
- 3 Oddly enough, he gets his living off the land (7).
- 4 It's said to put an end to prayer (4).
- 5 Novello, perhaps (4).
- 6 Brought to naught (8).
- 7 Make wild (8).
- 10 Possibly dry quarters for prisoners (8).
- 14 Keep within bounds (6).
- 15 Incomplete (7).
- 16 Amputate a limb? Not (8).
- 17 The answer could be a lemon! (8).
- 21 Evil spirit in pandemonium (8).
- 22 Foolish (4).
- 23 Roadside indicator? (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 3 Bloomers, 7 Lo-to, 8 Ham-k-over, 10 Odds, 13 Disease, 18 Sots, 17 Elapses, 18 Decayed, 20 Idle, 21 Scalped, 26 Tiller, 27 Disease, 28 A Lung, 29 Mark-time, Down: 1 Flood, 2 Suda, 3 Bo-ho, 4 Cret, 5 Envies, 6 Sires, 9 Aases, 11 Oiled, 12 Levies, 14 Elects, 15 Spill, 16 Tupper, 18 Didem, 19 Closes, 22 Able, 23 Plane, 24 Dress, 25 Feet.

HE CAME FROM NOWHERE

by

Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

A FEW months ago a great dinner party was thrown at the fashionable Claridges Hotel in honour of the four visiting Premiers from the Canadian Maritime Provinces. Lord Beaverbrook was the host, supported at the head table by Sir Winston Churchill and Prime Minister Macmillan.

We were all standing around as sherry and cocktails loosened our tongues in the usual preliminary to such a dinner, when many of us were startled into silence by the arrival of (Viscount) Brendan Bracken. None of us had seen him for many months and we were shocked by his appearance.

His mop of reddish hair, once bristling with vitality, had changed to wispy, lifeless, thin white strands. The sonorous humour of his voice had not lost its quality but he moved like a man who was weary of life's journey. A moment later dinner was announced and after a time, above the rising volume of conversation, we could hear his ironic, rasping voice in full blast. Then he grew quiet—strangely quiet for a man who had always erupted like a volcano.

Yet his weary face lit up when his closest friend, Sir Winston Churchill, was called upon to speak.

What an amazing man is Churchill—so dominating, so vibrant of voice and spirit despite the unforgiving years! With that delicacy and sense of occasion which are part of his character he spoke only of few matters because "I am in the presence of my Leader." As he said the words he bowed to Macmillan, not in irony, but in traditional respect. With equal delicacy and brevity Macmillan paid tribute to the Old Warrior without false flattery or any pretence at self-effacement.

The tired, haunted face of Bracken broke into a smile and we heard his metallic voice holding forth as we had heard it a hundred times in the past. But soon it relapsed into silence. He had travelled bravely but he was nearing journey's end.

Not long afterwards I was waiting in Hyde Park with Beaverbrook when I mentioned the tragic appearance of Bracken. "He is dying," said the Beaver. And then with that characteristic abruptness which often conceals emotion he said: "Brendan is dying of cancer." A few weeks later he was dead.

Who was Brendan Bracken? What was he? By what miracle or quirk of fate could an unknown young man arrive in Britain from South Africa and almost overnight become the close confidant of Winston Churchill in his irrepressible days? No wonder when Randolph Churchill wrote an obituary of Bracken in the *Evening Standard* it was headed:

"This was Bracken—The Man of Mystery."

Here is the opening paragraph of Randolph's article: "Man of mystery, a secretive eccentric, frank, perhaps a genius, certainly an expert in the art of make-believe and fantasy; such was Viscount Bracken whom I first met at Chartwell when I was eleven years old."

Then Randolph goes on: "Born in Dublin at the turn of the century he always made a mystery about his origin. He certainly gave me three or four quite different accounts of his early life, including several fascinating tales of his early days in Australia and later of Sedburgh (in Britain) of which school he subsequently became Chairman."

In turn it has been published that Bracken was born in Australia, South Africa and Ireland. In WHO'S WHO it is definitely stated that he was born in Ireland.

Stories By Hongkong Writers

THE series "Stories by Hongkong Writers" has been discontinued temporarily. The Editor regrets that he was not able to publish the many excellent stories contributed. It is, however, intended to resume the series at a later date.

of information, a brilliant choice despite the fact that there were members of the Cabinet who thought that it would have been better to give the task to a journalist of wider experience. Actually Bracken was exactly the right man partly because of his dynamic qualities, and even more because of his close affiliation with Churchill.

Bracken's administration of war time propaganda was not only brilliant but sustained. Every night at nine o'clock the B.B.C. sent out on the waves of the Empire the hour. Big Ben's strike the hour. The opening words were always the same: "This is London."

During the battle of the air Hitler told his people every night that England's capital city had been virtually destroyed, yet every night at the same hour the Germans, listening steadily, heard the same calm voice: "This is London." The most effective instrument of propaganda in the whole war was Big Ben striking the hour.

With the cessation of hostilities there were many M.P.'s who thought that the Ministry of Information should be continued into the peace but wisely that advice was disregarded. The Ministry was wound up and no one supported that decision more enthusiastically than Bracken. But what about himself? Was he to be thrown into the discard because his Ministry had been sentenced to death? Churchill solved that problem by making him First Lord of the Admiralty.

There could hardly have been any appointment less suitable. The pomp of naval power, the boisterous spirits of junior officers, and the healthy normality of admirals in general made no great appeal to Bracken's complex mind. However, this dilemma was soon resolved. Churchill decided on a July election in which, having won the war, he would ask the electorate to be allowed to win the peace.

And what was the response as the electorate went to the polls? The war-winning coalition had been dissolved and the election (the first for ten years) was on the normal party lines. After all the Tories were led by Churchill, the supreme architect of victory in the war. Gratitude, if nothing else, would sweep him and his party to power.

Put not your trust into sentiment. The greatest electorate threw out Churchill and the Tories with such enthusiasm that when Parliament assembled after the debacle the Tories were hemmed into a corner of the Chamber like a besieged garrison.

Among the casualties was Brendan Bracken. He had represented the London 1929 to 1931 and had gone down in the holocaust. But did he remain the Tory candidate for North Paddington, resolved to win it back at the next general election? Not at all. He was a

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Well, once upon a time, when mummy was quite a little girl, there was a man called 'Chiang Kuo-fu' and, believe it or not, according to Mr. Dulles, there will be!"

THIS is the Gin

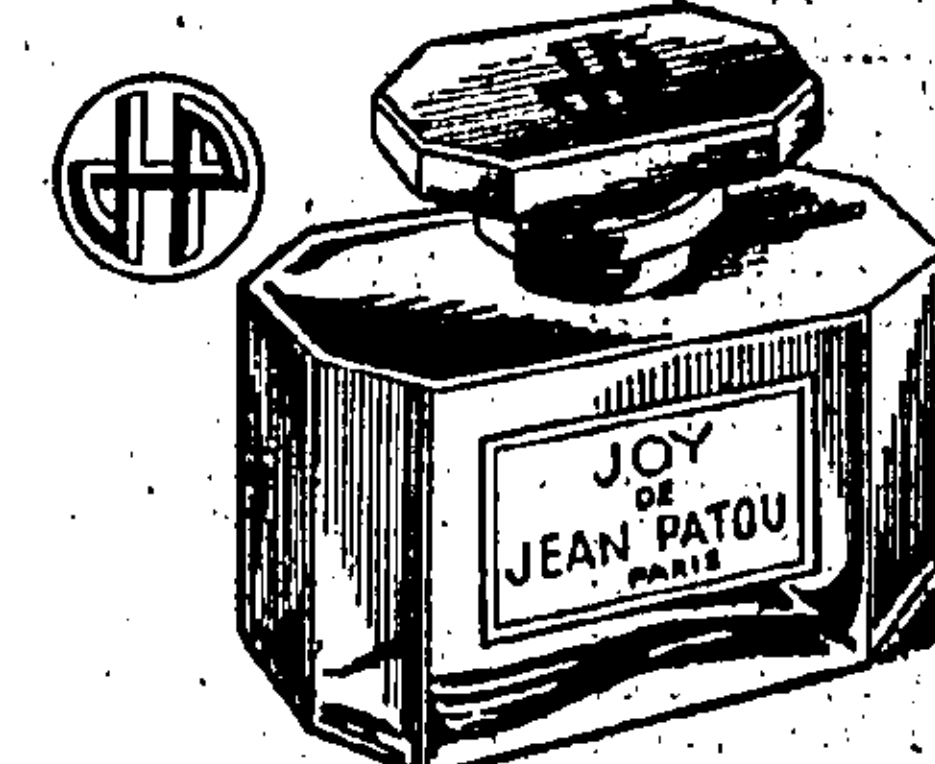


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A Pig And A Promise Saved Me From The TITANIC

FORTY-SIX years have passed since the "Titanic," going at full speed across the Atlantic, struck an iceberg on that unforgettable Sunday, April 14, 1912, at 11.35 p.m. She sank at 2.30 a.m. on April 15.

As a "Titanic" survivor, this event has shaped my life and has made me an object of curious interest on many occasions. Whenever I cross the Atlantic on passenger liners I meet numbers of people, and when it becomes known that I am a "Titanic" survivor, they immediately ply me with every sort of question. One of the more frequent questions is: "No, were you really saved?" (I have never learned quite how to answer this one). Or, "Did you hear 'Nearer my God to Thee'?" and yet, another, "Was the water rough?" and "Were you cold?" "How many were saved?" "Were you frightened?" "You certainly were lucky."

Yes, I was indeed lucky to be saved. My losses were only material while there were so many who lost those whom they loved. I have crossed the Atlantic often since, nearly a hundred times, but still I will not travel by aeroplane. Steamships and automobiles are my favourite modes of transport.

In the half-century which has gone by since the "Titanic" disaster, many events of greater importance to the world have occurred, including two great wars, and for many years my recollections of the tragedy had been more or less dormant. Recently, however, there was a reunion of "Titanic" survivors. Among the nine of us who were there, old memories were revived with disturbing clarity. One of the nine, by the way, was a gentleman named Frank Ake, whom I had last seen when he was ten months old, one of the babies sharing my lifeboat. His mother had been separated from her baby and found him again on the "Carpathia," where another woman claimed him as her child.

Without wishing to get ahead of my story, I think I should mention here another lifeboat companion who might not be here

to tell about this today. He did not even have a name. He was, in fact, just a toy pig which my mother had given me earlier. For the "Titanic" was not my first serious mishap. I had been the sole survivor, although badly injured, of an automobile accident in France, on the road to Deauville.

My mother, having heard that the pig was considered a symbol of good luck in France, and feeling that good luck was just what I needed, presented me with this toy pig, the size of a big kitten and covered with white fur and black spots.

I cherished it, and more so as it was really a music-box, and by twisting its tail one produced the then popular air "La Marseillaise." I promised my mother that I would keep this music-box with me at all times, and so this little pig later saved my life.

It was not really my idea to sail on the "Titanic." I had booked passage on the "George Washington" to sail April 7, but my editor cabled me from New York to postpone my sailing in order to report the fashions at the Paris Easter Sunday races. By taking the "Titanic" a disaster ship on the Wednesday following Easter Sunday, I could still arrive in America at about the same time. In any event, the opportunity of crossing on this much publicised, and above all, unsinkable, floating palace delighted me.

On the night before sailing I went with some South American friends to visit Madame de Thebes, the most famous fortune-teller of her time. After my friends had had their fortunes told, Madame de Thebes turned to me and said: "Are you not at all interested in having me tell you something of your future?" I answered:

"No, I don't believe in that sort of thing. I am having prophesies made to me constantly, and it may be I am just as well off if I do not know my future." "Very well, Madame, but I predict all the same that you are about to go through a dreadful experience. You will lose your possessions, many friends and incidentally your shining voice, but you will live on for many years to come."

To this I replied: "Thank you, but this really is nonsense. Please do not tell me any more. Frankly, I don't want to listen."

So I left France as arranged on Wednesday, April 10, from the Saint Lazare Station in Paris. I remember that as the train was about to pull out, "Laurens," the head tailor of Paquin, the famous couturier of the Rue de la Paix, accompanied by the head tailors, rushed up and thrust through the compartment window two huge white boxes tied with tapes carrying heavy lead seals. These boxes contained clothes I had ordered but which had not been finished in time, hence this late delivery. The boxes were never unpacked and went down with the ship just as they were delivered.

I was a fashion writer, buyer and stylist. This trip was one of the first of my career, as I had just started in business, and I was talking with me not only my own wardrobe, but many orders executed for business firms and private clients. They were uninsured, so when I applied for insurance on this merchandise, I was told that it was ridiculous to spend money for insurance when travelling on an unsinkable vessel.

So, misled like the rest of the world, I placed full confidence

in the world's greatest ship: 40,320 tons, 652 feet long, 3 propellers, 4 smoke stacks rising 175 feet above the water. She was truly almost a skyscraper. We were not used to ships of such dimensions and grandeur in those days. The "Olympic" and "Titanic" were sister ships, the first of their kind.

The train-run from Paris to Cherbourg was quite pleasant. I chatted with some Swedish and American ladies in the compartment and with a Mexican gentleman who informed me he was a Member of Parliament in Mexico. We formed a very merry party. The fact that we were all sailing on this exceptional vessel on her maiden voyage, seemed to draw us together. Everybody was looking forward to seeing the monster ship.

But on arriving in Cherbourg I had a most disagreeable premonition of trouble ahead. In fact, it was so strong that I telegraphed my secretary in Paris, expressing my fears. (As if there were anything we could have done about it anyway!) Never having put any faith whatever in fortune-tellers, I now had to admit to myself that I was probably being unkind to what Madame de Thebes had told me, and by an equally ridiculous, but uncannily correct, prediction which had been made to me by an Arab fortune-teller at Biskra earlier in the same year. This old fellow, after tossing grains of sand in the air, held up his hand as if predicting the end of the world, and said: "Madam, you will be in a very grave sea accident."

We sat about on the huge tender, which had been especially built the year before for these new White Star ships, and for three hours shivered and waited. It had been raining.

I remember sitting next to Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who were on their wedding trip, playing with their big dog. The Colonel told me the "Titanic" had cost ten million dollars to build, and emphasised that she was unsinkable, "a miracle of modern ship-building."

Finally a murmur went around the tender: "The Titanic is in sight."

I saw what seemed like a huge building, 11 stories high, with tier upon tier of glittering electric lights, dressed over-all. Truly a beautiful and impressive spectacle.

The big tender approached the "Titanic" and swung alongside. Then a most unforgettable thing happened. Although the sea was perfectly calm, our tender began rolling in a most amazing fashion, throwing the passengers right off their feet.

I turned to a gentleman who I later found out was Philip E. Mock, the miniature painter, and said: "A ship that produces this uncanny upheaval in this perfectly calm sea strikes me as a dangerous one. I wish I were not going on her, I am so frightened."

The "Titanic" had had an accident coming out of Southampton, when she went too close to the "New York," and caused the latter to break loose from her moorings. I did not know this at the time, of course, and if I had I should probably have been imagining all kinds of ominous things. As it was, I could not help being strangely impressed by the way the tender rolled and heaved in this calm sea, along-side the great ship. The gangway over which we climbed aboard seemed in danger of being pulled loose from its fastenings.

I hated the idea of crossing that gangplank, and no sooner had I got on board than I sought out Mr. Nicholas Martin, the General Manager of the White Star Line Paris bureau, to see if it would not be possible to book my luggage and book by a later steamer, as I was frankly afraid. Mr. Martin said he would gladly receive me from the sailing, if I felt that way, but he could not get my luggage off. "You are just nervous. You are perfectly safe. This ship is unsinkable. You can get off if you want to, but your luggage will have to go on to New York."

I answered: "My luggage is worth more than I am. I had better remain with it." So to pacify me, Mr. Martin said: "I will make a special concession."

After the usual bustle and excitement, we weighed anchor at about 3.30 p.m. I freshened up a bit and went down to the

dining room, where I stood

glazed at the sea. Words are not adequate to describe it. This ship with its extravagance of that time had a curious effect on me, as can be sensed from a letter I wrote to my secretary in Paris, Horace J. Shaw: "My Dear Mr. Shaw, This is the most wonderful ship you can think of."

"It is a house of about eleven stories, as long as from the corner of the Rue de la Paix to near the Rue de Rivoli. Everything imaginable. Swimming pools, Turkish Baths, gymnasium, squash court, cafes, tea gardens, smoking rooms, a long room bigger than the Grand Hotel lounge, huge drawing rooms, bedrooms larger than any Paris hotel room, and altogether it is a monster."

I then stood aside and watched for more than an hour, a regiment of cooks, bakers and sailors staggering under the weight of huge wooden boxes they were transferring from the tender to the "Titanic." I asked one of the stewards what this meant, and he said: "These are rare canned vegetables, pate de foie gras, caviar, fruits of all kinds and other things to eat... provisions for the trip over and the return." He added: "We have a pretty good crowd on board, but it is nothing to what we anticipate coming back." I never saw so many boxes in my life!

I then took the lift to "A" Deck, where my room was. I had always liked meeting new people and talking to them, and I remember my conversation with the young boy who was operating that elevator. "I am so proud," he said, "this is my first trip at sea and they have made me a lift boy. I am only thirteen, you know. It's a bit of an honour." His first and last trip!

I found I had been allotted a very large cabin with bath and a window looking out on the Promenade Deck, with immediately opposite, the same type of cabin for my luggage. The cabins were almost the farthest forward, at the end of a small corridor. I was practically detached from the rest of the ship.

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FOURTH day out from Southampton on her maiden voyage to New York R.M.S. Titanic is stationary in mid-Atlantic. The mighty liner has hit an iceberg. Passengers and crew have felt only a slight tremor as the great ship rips out 300 feet of her underbelly, smashing through five watertight bulkheads. There is no feeling of alarm, no panic—the time is 11.40 p.m. April 14, and, after all, Titanic is "unsinkable."

cannot get over my feeling of depression and premonition of trouble. I wish it were over. The original of this letter is in the possession of Mr. Horace B. Shaw. It was posted from Queenstown, Ireland, and is on "Titanic" notepaper dated April 11, 1912.

The first days of the trip were uneventful, marked by the usual making acquaintances, promenades on deck, tea in the Winter Garden and so forth. It was only by looking out to sea that one realised one was on the ocean. I wore a blue cloth coat lined with figured linen cretonne. It was something the famous Paul Poiret had created for me in his shop "Martine" in the Faubourg St. Honore. This was the first instance of using flower-printed cretonne for a coat lining and it attracted considerable attention.

I met Mr. J. Clinch Smith, who had lived in Paris for many years, brother-in-law of the famous Architect, Stanford White. There were many celebrities on board. I got to know Mr. and Mrs. Aldred Simms and Mr. W. T. Stead, the famous writer and publisher. The latter showed considerable interest in me, on account of my various accidents and premonitions. He was a great believer in spiritualism, but at no time did he mention any fear of disaster on this trip. Major Archibald Butt, who was military aide to President Taft, and occasionally Frank Millet, an artist born in Massachusetts, would join us.

There were, too, a number of buyers on board from various department stores throughout the United States, returning after their regular buying trips, and also Brindley's owner of the well-known department

store of Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim and Mr. and Mrs. D. Goldenberg were also aboard the ship. He was a very well-known lace importer of Shaw. It was posted from Queenstown, Ireland, and is on "Titanic" notepaper dated April 11, 1912.

On Sunday, April 14, it was brilliantly sunny, but so intensely cold that it seemed the only sensible thing to do was to stay in bed to keep warm, which I did until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I then went out on deck, and noticed a large crowd of men passengers looking down at the water being thrown up from the blades of the propellers. The foam whirled in a great cascade, made blood-red by the rays of a glorious setting sun. It looked like crimson carpet stretching from the ship to the horizon.

I remember commenting to a group of people standing there about this beautiful and awesome waterfall, and then I walked forward in the ship. I was never to see any of these people again.

There was much commenting on the intense cold, and some of the men said they had heard notices were posted that we were in icefields. However, that did not seem to make very much difference. We were going full speed ahead and would positively arrive in New York on the following Tuesday, as it was intended the ship should make a record trip. And with this calm sea and perfect weather, there was no reason why we should not do so.



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WHILE at dinner aboard the Titanic on the evening of April 14, 1912, a radio message stating that the Titanic is nearing ice is brought to Captain Smith (Laurence Naismith). "A NIGHT TO REMEMBER" tells the true story of the greatest sea disaster in history—the sinking of R.M.S. Titanic.

The film is produced on location and at Pinewood Studios, England, by William MacQuitty and directed by Roy Baker. Heading the large cast is Kenneth More, as Second Officer C. H. Lightoller. Photographs by Norman Grayford.

THEY MAKE FACTS MORE ROMANTIC THAN FICTION

By JOHN MARTIN

Producer of many British documentaries.

IF you can put personality into a petrol pump and invest the progress of a conveyor belt with the excitement of a car chase you are well on the way to becoming a successful producer of industrial documentary films.

The pure documentary film was once the glory of British picture-making. It was also the training ground for Britain's best film technicians. The demand for these films has faded—their probing, exploring eye has been taken over by television.

But the industrial firms with someone to teach and products to sell have discovered this powerful medium and use it with great effect.

BIG BUSINESS

Ever since the American army decided recruits reported to small arms instruction given on the screen by Mickey Mouse, the film has played its part in specialised training.

Sales organisations were quick to appreciate that the skilled visual presentation of their products on the cinema screen broke down language barriers.

The new-type documentary film—once the most esoteric branch of picture-making—has gone into big business and become big business.

This patronage by industry has kept alive one of the most inventive and virile branches of our picture-making. In fact, our industrial documentaries seem to be the only films we produce now capable of winning prizes at the international film festivals.

Why is an industrial film made? What is the motive of the sponsor? How does he go about making it?

Imagine you are the head of a big company in the Midlands. You have just installed expensive and revolutionary new electronic equipment.

You have two big tasks ahead of you: to teach your workers to use the new machines and to let the world know how efficiently and progressively you are making your product.

The new film provides the means to do both.

ESSENTIAL

Colour in films has taken on new significance with the rise of the industrial documentary. It no longer merely enhances with realistic or decorative qualities. To a business man trying to sell point or factory, the colour film is an essential.

One of my units is now working with the Iron and Steel Federation making a

minute full colour film of the steel industry. The cartoon gives the filmmaker the power of all inessential. It was a cartoon that Barclays Bank used to explain the workings of their banks to uninitiated West Africans.

The industrial documentary film producers work without star names or publicity but they are a powerful part of the ever expanding world of the cinema.

Paradoxically, the documentary film—made very often for such very commercial-sounding concerns as the Empire Marketing Board or the G.P.O.—has always been particularly cherished by the cinema highbrows.

A film like *Drifters*, which told the story of herring

fishers, not an especially inspiring subject, has always, and rightly, been considered a classic. There were many others. They all dealt with aspects of everyday life—their titles are self-explanatory: *Nightmail*, *Shipyard*, *Coalface*.

EXPERIMENT

These films, made just before the war, were able to experiment with film technique in a way that the entertainment cinema did not dare to do. They showed life as it really was and their actors were ordinary people.

And from this field came a school of directors, dedicated to realism, which had a striking effect on the entertainment cinema. Films such as *Naked City*, *Northside 777*, *Panic in*

the Streets, and many others were the direct result of the pioneering work done by men like Basil Wright, John Grierson, Paul Rotha and Harry Watt with their small 'inexpensive' films.

What these Hollywood entertainment films had in common with the British documentaries was a hungry eye for the picturesque element in the everyday, the back streets, the docks, the tenement buildings, the urchin children playing in the gutters.

AUTHENTIC

Previously, it was considered much more effective to shoot against sets created by a highly paid art director. Today this system has been largely abandoned and it is generally accepted that the real thing is superior to anything an art director can dream up.

It was during the war that the documentary reached its highest peak. Under the auspices of the Crown Film Unit several of the men who were to become Britain's most talented artists and technicians got their first chance.

Their object was—in its broadest sense—propaganda; but it was propaganda of a palatable kind since its object

was to show that what Britain was fighting for was worthwhile.

The films of this period are still, in many ways, the most authentic pictures of war to have been made anywhere. These who saw them will not easily forget the impact of *Target For Tonight*, *Britain Can Take It*, *Western Approaches*, *One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing*.

And in the wake of them came films that could not strictly be regarded as documentaries—since they had professional actors in them—but

were none the less in the same tradition. (*The Way Ahead*, *Millions Like Us*, *Waterloo Road*).

Today Britain is still in the forefront of the documentary movement. A young English director, Lindsay Anderson, won the Grand Prix at the Venice Film Festival last year for a documentary about Covent Garden.

With its tendency towards understatement, the documentary is peculiarly suited to the English talent.

(London Express Service).

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN DOCUMENTARIES: the shooting for a film commissioned by the British Trawler Federation moves inside the studio, with sets built as for an ordinary fiction film.

Britain's young men led the revolution

minute full colour film of the steel industry.

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EVERY HOUR OF EVERY DAY THE BELLS PAY TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY ALL OVER THE WORLD

What Next Along The Lines Of Communication?

OVERWORKED heads of departments who are prone to rant and fume at their cluttered desks every time their telephone rings may well give their blessing to a new device—one which dispenses with the need for writing down a directive that has to be circulated to their staffs.

The device is called the Tele-Amp, and is an up-to-the-minute business gadget.

Connected to the telephone, it acts like an amplifier-loudspeaker, and by means of it the gist of a conversation can be broadcast throughout office or workplace.

On the face of it this gadget can be a decided boon to a hard-pressed businessman. But let no businessman forget that the telephone itself is the greatest of time-savers in a workaday world—an instrument of vital importance so often taken for granted, and too often soundly cursed.

★ ★ ★

It was certainly a lucky day for mankind when the telephone first made its bow in Boston, U.S.A.—a "brain-child" of Alexander Graham Bell who had migrated there from his native Scotland by way of Canada.

Bell had for some years been studying the transmission of sound. To quote his own words: "It could make a current of electricity as air varies in density during the production of sound. I should be able to transmit speech telegraphically."

He was not alone in the task he had set himself. In fact, there was a race in progress as to who should be the first to introduce the telephone—and Bell only beat a keen rival, Professor Elisha Gray, by a matter of hours.

So close was the registration of patents by the two men that an inevitable lawsuit developed, a lawsuit eventually won by the Scots-American.

He had to fight a good deal of public resentment in order to push his invention any further than the laboratory. There are always members of any community who will seek to retard scientific progress, it seems.

Finally, however, in 1878, the first telephone exchange was established in the town of New Haven, Connecticut, and from that time onwards the telephone wires began to stretch across the face of the world.

In the United States alone, the number of telephones owned increased in a matter of 60 years to 31,500,000, and by the end of the 19th century almost every country in the civilised world possessed a sizable network.

Telephones improved in design year by year, as did the arrangements at the exchanges. Nowadays, you might think there could be little scope for improvement, and yet researchers and

technicians still apply their minds to ways and means of developing Alexander Graham Bell's invention.

For some years now, the idea of a "Vidophone" has been widely discussed. Before very long we may well be seeing, in a small screen, the face of the person to whom we are talking.

Indeed, many innovations such as the Vidophone are at the present moment technically possible, but lack of public demand and the high cost of installation make them impractical just now.

★ ★ ★

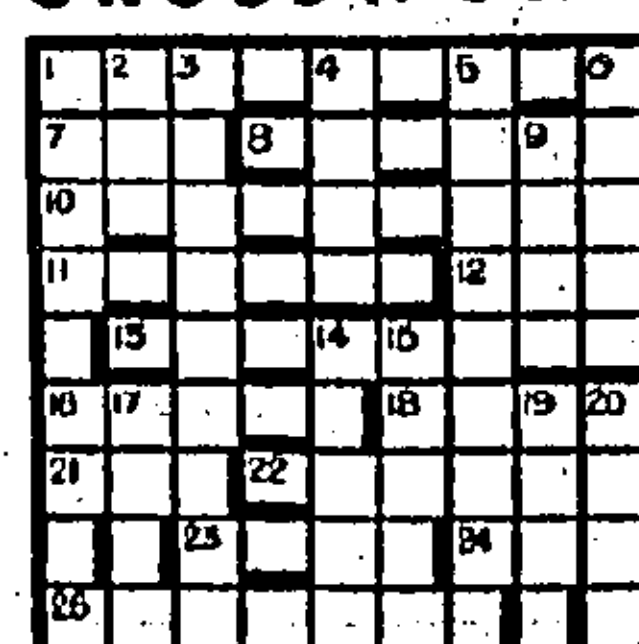
Meanwhile trunk dialling is on the way, and it is hoped that intercontinental dialling will come about in the foreseeable future.

There are testy individuals who say of the telephone that it has increased the pace of life too much and has brought other disadvantages that outweigh its usefulness, but most of us will grant that it was a blessed day when Mr. Alexander Bell rode from his laboratory with a glint of achievement in his eye.

He was a great man, a man to be remembered—and remembered he will be so long as millions of telephones all

over the world give ringing tribute to his memory every hour of every day.

CROSSWORD



1. Wide boy. (3) 2. Measure. (3) 3. Dive. (3) 4. Game chaps. (3) 5. Arrangements. (3) 6. Animal. (3) 7. Buyers. (3) 8. Lark. (3) 9. Speed. (3) 10. Boy's name. (3) 11. Hare. (3) 12. Song for two. (3) 13. Period of years. (3) 14. Made certain. (3) 15. Boy's name. (3) 16. Talk. (3) 17. End to. (3) 18. Boy's name. (3) 19. Boy's name. (3) 20. Boy's name. (3) 21. Boy's name. (3) 22. Boy's name. (3) 23. Boy's name. (3) 24. Boy's name. (3) 25. Boy's name. (3) 26. Boy's name. (3) 27. Boy's name. (3) 28. Boy's name. (3) 29. Boy's name. (3) 30. Boy's name. (3) 31. Boy's name. (3) 32. Boy's name. (3) 33. Boy's name. (3) 34. Boy's name. (3) 35. Boy's name. (3) 36. Boy's name. (3) 37. Boy's name. (3) 38. Boy's name. (3) 39. Boy's name. (3) 40. Boy's name. (3) 41. Boy's name. (3) 42. Boy's name. (3) 43. Boy's name. (3) 44. Boy's name. (3) 45. Boy's name. (3) 46. Boy's name. (3) 47. Boy's name. (3) 48. Boy's name. (3) 49. Boy's name. (3) 50. Boy's name. (3) 51. Boy's name. (3) 52. Boy's name. (3) 53. Boy's name. (3) 54. Boy's name. (3) 55. Boy's name. (3) 56. Boy's name. (3) 57. Boy's name. (3) 58. Boy's name. (3) 59. Boy's name. (3) 60. Boy's name. (3) 61. Boy's name. (3) 62. Boy's name. (3) 63. Boy's name. (3) 64. Boy's name. (3) 65. Boy's name. (3) 66. Boy's name. (3) 67. Boy's name. (3) 68. Boy's name. (3) 69. Boy's name. (3) 70. Boy's name. (3) 71. Boy's name. (3) 72. Boy's name. (3) 73. Boy's name. (3) 74. Boy's name. (3) 75. Boy's name. (3) 76. Boy's name. (3) 77. Boy's name. (3) 78. Boy's name. (3) 79. Boy's name. (3) 80. Boy's name. (3) 81. Boy's name. (3) 82. Boy's name. (3) 83. Boy's name. (3) 84. Boy's name. (3) 85. Boy's name. (3) 86. Boy's name. (3) 87. Boy's name. (3) 88. Boy's name. (3) 89. Boy's name. (3) 90. Boy's name. (3) 91. Boy's name. (3) 92. Boy's name. (3) 93. Boy's name. (3) 94. Boy's name. (3) 95. Boy's name. (3) 96. Boy's name. (3) 97. Boy's name. (3) 98. Boy's name. (3) 99. Boy's name. (3) 100. Boy's name. (3)

Yesterday's Solution

ROUND-UP

BREECHES BIBLE

CANON William Lummis, vicar of Bungay, Suffolk, has bought a 1608 Breeches Bible—so called because of the phrase "and made themselves breeches" in Genesis III. For this Bible, Church of St Mary, Bungay, many farms. Concordance with numerous entries about the Addison family of Bungay between 1600-1815. "I am glad it has gone to Bungay," the vicar wrote, Brigadier E. Nott-Bower, of Colyford, Devonshire, wrote to Mr Lummis. "It was found in a secret drawer of an old piece of furniture which my mother-in-law bought at a sale many years ago." One entry records that 14-year-old Richard Addison died in July, 1723, a week after becoming ill through running a race on Bungay Common.

RHEUMATISM CURE?

TWO mobile laboratories, staffed by members of the Medical Research Departments of Manchester University and by the Empire Rheumatism Council Field Unit, are touring Yorkshire, attempting to find out how many farm workers suffer from rheumatism. It is believed, says a council spokesman, that farm workers suffer more from rheumatism than any other class except perhaps miners. Dr J.S. Lawrence, director of the field unit, said that as a result of their inquiries it would be possible to say what percentage of farm workers have rheumatism, which kind is most common, whether or not it tends to run in families, the ages at which rheumatism usually appears, and other factors.

VETERAN FIREMAN

A FIREMAN who used to run to fires as a boy behind a horse-drawn engine, has been presented with a long-service medal at Ipswich. He is Mr Percival Woods, of Debenham, Suffolk, a sub-officer with the 22nd Suffolk and Ipswich Fire Brigade. Mr Woods, a fireman for 22 years, used to accompany his firemen father to fires to help him the pumps.

HISTORY FOR KENT

THE 1,000-year-old history of the Kent village of Meopham will be told at a "Sons of Lumere" style pageant in the grounds of Meopham Court on September 18, 19, 20. Meopham Court dates back to Saxon times. The village has a centuries-old church in which the Cromwellian General Fairfax stabled his horses and billeted his men on the night before the Battle of Marston. An episode will be devoted to the famous Tudor family, Meopham gardeners, who introduced many plants to this country. Script for the pageant has been written by Miss Mary Jean Hixie, a member of Meopham Anglican Young People's Association, in collaboration with Mr Norman Wareham, leader of the A.Y.P.A. and his wife.

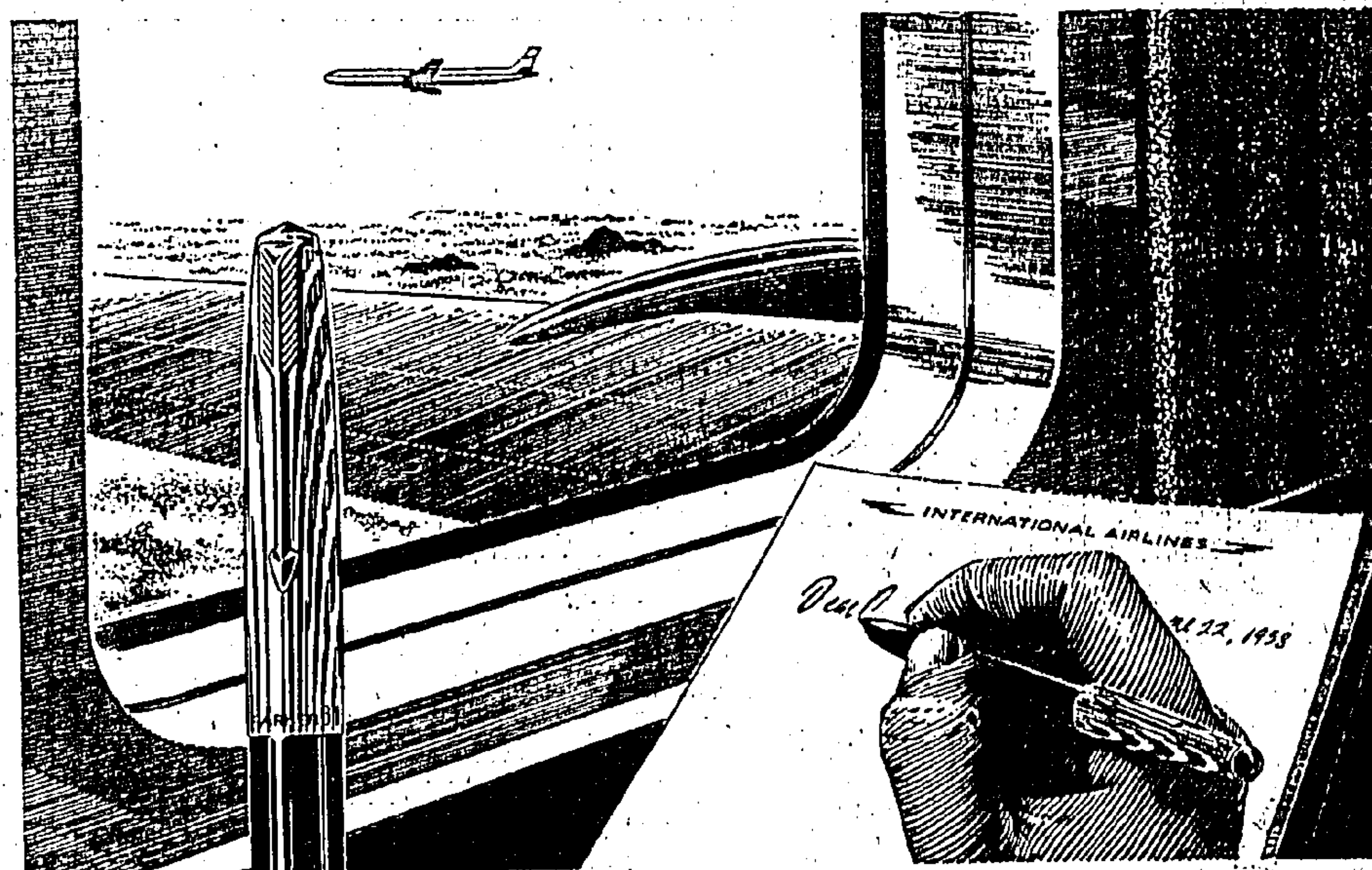
DOWNLAND ESTATE

THE 1,027-acre Sussex downland estate of Muntham Court at Findon, is being sold for the second time in four months. It belonged to the late Colonel Urie Thynne, a former member of the King's Bodyguard. His two sons, Brian and Oliver, sold the estate to a property company after putting it on the market last May. Now the company has decided to put it up for auction at Worthing Town Hall. The estate includes a 40-room residence, and cottages which some of the tenants may buy. Biggest part of the land is an 800-acre farm which will remain let.

HOME-MADE WINE

BEDFORDSHIRE housewives have been entering for shows home-made wines made of beetroot, carrots, parsnips, marigolds, potatoes, rhubarb, oranges, blackcurrants, cowslips, wheat, elder flowers, marigolds, plums, pineapples, barley, cornflowers, daisies and parsley. A Bedford show official said that the wines were being made from old recipes in increasing quantities because they were so popular at television evenings.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THE HIGH WAISTLINE

Paris designers differ on hemlines, but all agree that the winter silhouette includes high waistlines, short tops, and bulk around the head and shoulders.

WITH one exception, Paris dress designers present in their latest collection a fashion theme that concentrates on the short dress with the high waistline and huge collars or enveloping stoles. These main fashion pointers for

By MARIE FONTAINE

next winter have, to a great extent, been executed in warm woollen fabrics which often possess a spongy appearance.

The odd man out is YVES SAINT LAURENT at CHRISTIAN DIOR. His hemlines are down to 14 or 15 inches whereas his fellow designers show a preference for something nearer 20 inches from the ground. Even so, he falls into line with his

other fashion points, for although each designer obtains the effect in his own individual way, Paris designers seem to be unanimous otherwise about the winter silhouette.

Suit and two-piece costume jackets are brief, usually ending at the waist (DIOR) or at the hip-bone (PIERRE CARDIN), and this trend, for the moment,

high waistline begins. Little gathers, and these give a slight impression of fullness to the figure, curving the hips.

The ultra-short jackets terminate at the normal waistline, but the high-waist effect is still achieved by the introduction of slotted belts to the jackets, or by seams, yokes, or by a self fabric-set-in which fits the body in front, drawing a line just below the bust. At LANVIN CASTILLO this effect is gained by the use of a pyramidal cord which runs through a gathered band at raised waistline level. Yet another example can be seen at JEAN PATOU, where ROLAND KARR inserts belts in front but detaches them in the back of short, unfitted bolero-jackets.

FLAT TOPS

Dresses have short, flat tops—rather like canopies—and are often loose and conceal the origin of the skirt gathers. These flat tops are sometimes a means of lifting the waist in the dress, as at LANVIN CASTILLO, where there is one dress in a re-

freshing raspberry-pink hairy-surfaced woollen fabric.

Other ways of accentuating this new silhouette are adopted by PIERRE BALMAIN, CHRISTIAN DIOR and LANVIN CASTILLO, who favour very wide, draped and highly-placed belts. A large straight belt—in wool or leather—sometimes topped by a tiny circular frill, rather like a gathered cloth curtain pelmet, is used by GUY LAROCHE on dresses such as one in a black and white checked wool, and another in a grey and black dogtooth wool.

For the early evening and cocktail, dresses are in black wool and necklines open out like flower petals. Models for this hour, perhaps more than any others, denote the personal preferences of the designers so far as hemlines are concerned. They are short and just covering the knee at CARDIN, LAROCHE, LANVIN CASTILLO; slightly longer at BALMAIN; and two inches below the already lengthened day dresses at CHRISTIAN DIOR. The fabrics are many and varied in nature and colouring, there being all



4. PIERRE CARDIN: Another way of lifting the waistline: small tucks cover the wide collar, the sleeves and the top part of the coat, which then gains fullness and ends below the knee. The fabric is an oatmeal-coloured canvas weave woollen from DUMAS-MAURY.

degrees of black in fine woollens, lace tweeds—many originating from the master of lace tweeds, GARIGUE, in London—wool voiles, wool crepes, and even in rustic-looking fabrics.

For the daytime, dresses in wool are made in cont-weight cloths by YVES SAINT LAURENT, and these indicate a high waistline in front, the back remaining free and sometimes

bearing a floating panel. These dresses are very much akin to this winter's coats, not only because of the choice of fabric, but also the muffled-up look which is emphasised by enormous enveloping matching stoles.

Bulky effects and giant collars and lapels attract attention to coats in all collections. The effects include deep armholes, dropped shoulder seams, shirring around necklines, unpuffed pleats at shoulder seams, puffed-out sleeves gathered into narrow cuffs, and stitched tucking, which trims collars and covers the entire top of some coats at PIERRE CARDIN.

The Sketches...



1. CHRISTIAN DIOR: A high-placed martingale lifts the waist in front and soft pleats round the hips on this two-piece suit which has a skirt lengthened to 14½ inches from the ground. The woollen fabric, a brown tweed, is from RODIER.



2. LANVIN CASTILLO: A belt, which rises in front, shortens the top of this dress which features deep armholes and a knee-length skirt rounded by soft pleats. The black and white tweed, from GARIGUE, is also used for the coat and hat.



3. GUY LAROCHE: The waistband of this suit's skirt rises above the normal waistline and reduces the importance of the wool jersey blouse printed in green, black and grey on a white ground. This has the effect of shortening the bust. The jacket is cut below the bustline by a circular double-stitched open seam, and is trimmed with four pocket flaps. The skirt just covers the knee. It is in an almond-green woollen fabric from FOURNIER.

Fashion Tips

An interest in clothes is a normal and healthy interest in any woman's life. But it should be backed by an equal interest in taking care of them. Have clothes cleaned, repaired and mended as they need it and they'll repay you by far longer service.

When you travel, travel in style and comfort. Leave your small handbag at home and treat yourself to a great big handbag, one large enough to hold paper-book, plane ticket, passport, cosmetics, wallet and odds and ends with ease.

Crazy hats for beachwear are just ahead. One has a fake pony tail attached to

the brim and some offer fake sunglasses or a lip-sticked mouth.

The woman who can be well-dressed from one suitcase is not just a woman who knows how to pack. She's also a woman who knows how to buy. She will pick a short, floaty evening gown in preference to a full-skirted beauty because she knows it will get

her through many an evening away from home.

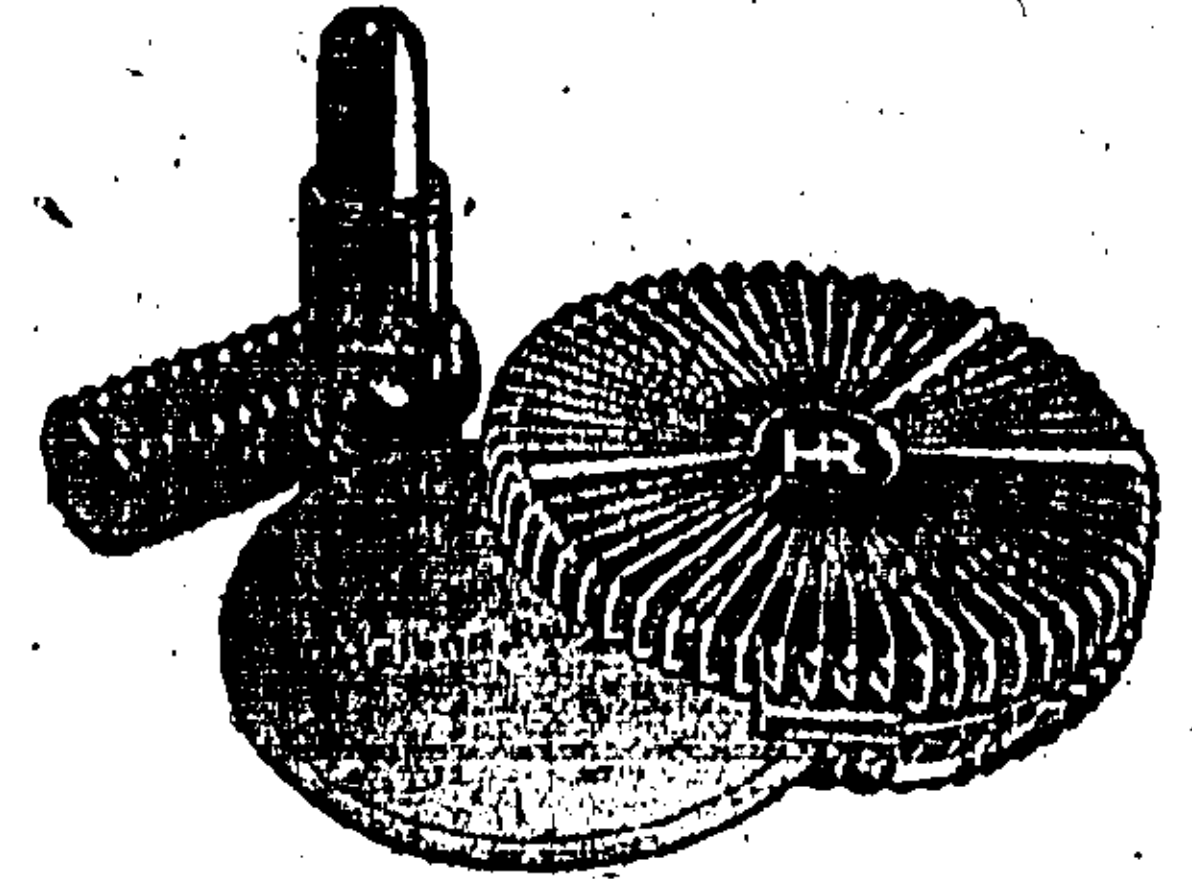
The oval patent leather handbag with red lining is a nice touch for autumn. Match it to a pair of patent leather shoes with sharp toe and tiny shaped heel.

When it's time to have your fake fur coat or jacket cleaned, be sure to have it cleaned by a furrier's method.

Helena Rubinstein creates

SILK MINUTE MAKE-UP

This glamorous combination make-up is Real silk Face Powder in a special silk-tone base—you're pretty in a minute. Lipstick in glowing Red, the latest colour of 1958.



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Photograph of Miss Shakuntala Devi and Miss Diana Ma taken at

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ABOVE: Under portraits of Mao Tse-tung and Sun Yat-sen, the headmaster of the Chung Wah Middle School, Mr Wong Tso-fun, addresses 200 students and parents on Saturday when the school opened its new term in two rows of madsheds built after the old building was closed by Court order.



LEFT: Alan Grishman (holding microphone), violinist and Joel Rycroft, pianist, answer questions during a press conference at Maxim's shortly after their arrival in the Colony recently. The young American musicians were a great hit with music lovers in the Colony.



ABOVE: Mr Cheung Yok-luen, principal director of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals Board of Directors, lights the first incense stick during the start of a seven-day communal memorial service at Caroline Hill last Saturday. The service was dedicated to the happiness and prosperity of Hongkong.



BELOW: Indian classical dances, directed by Mrs Kalpana M. Surtani (right) and performed by Miss Kiki Rasmussen (left), were the highlights of a celebration in honour of Swami Sivamanda's 72nd birthday on Monday at the Queen's College Hall.

ABOVE: Pretty film star Ting Ning poses with actress Pai Kwong (left) and film magnate Mr Run Run Shaw, shortly before her departure for San Francisco recently as Hongkong's delegate to the Pacific Festival. "I'm very happy to have been chosen to represent Hongkong," she told reporters.



ABOVE: Sir Roland Turnbull, Governor of North Borneo, arrived on Tuesday from Labuan on route to the United States. At the Airport to meet him was Mr P. A. English, ADC to His Excellency the Governor.

RIGHT: The First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Selkirk, is met on his arrival in Hongkong by Commodore G. D. A. Gregory (right). He told reporters after visiting the Colony that he was deeply impressed by the resoluteness of the people here to meet and overcome the Colony's problems.



BELOW: One of Britain's top film directors, Mr Lewis Gilbert, is interviewed by Radio Hongkong's John Wallace this week. On left is Mr John Dark, J. Arthur Rank production manager.



BELOW: Mr and Mrs Marvin Farkas pose with their attendants shortly after their wedding at the Registry on Tuesday. The bride is the former Miss Mary Jo Kay, a Hongkong Airways flight stewardess. The groom is a newsreel correspondent.

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ABOVE: Manning the Bofors gun on HMS Mounts Bay is one of the 48 schoolboys who were guests of the Royal Navy for one day recently. The boys who came from service and civilian families went out to sea with the Navy on the Mounts Bay and three motor launches of the Hongkong Flotilla.



LEFT: Mr William Borge Phillips, team manager of the Australian swimmers (left) says goodbye to Mr A. de O. Sales before leaving Hongkong with his record-breaking boys last Thursday.

★
BELOW: Mr Pong Ding-yuen, Chairman of the Po Leung Kuk (centre, dark suit) distributing a packet of noodles to one of the 500 pupils of the Po Leung Kuk Charitable Evening School in Leighton Road. Mr Pong is also the superintendent of the school.



BELOW: Little Karen Joy England, daughter of Mr and Mrs J. N. England, was christened at St John's Cathedral on Sunday. Karen (centre) is seen with her parents and friends shortly after the ceremony.



ABOVE: The annual softball match between the Hongkong Standard "Tigers" and S.C.M. Post "Scamps" was played off at King's Park on Sunday when the "Scamps" won by the narrow margin of one run for the second year running to take the Ernest Borel Challenge Shield. Glamorous film star Lin Tsui, kneeling fifth from left, opened the game by throwing the first ball. Picture on right shows "Scamp" Andy Sloan scoring a much-needed run as team-mates and supporters (background) cheer him on.



ABOVE: Lady Black (right) and her daughter, Miss Kathryn Black, (in striped dress) made an extensive three-hour tour of Kowloon Hospital on Monday. They are seen here in the hospital's blood bank.



ABOVE: Some 250 youngsters from service and civilian families were guests of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment in the New Territories last week. Some of them are seen riding on a tank as it roars through a shallow pool of mud.

By CHINA MAIL PHOTOGRAPHERS



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT MOTIF TABLE RUNNER

COATS CHAIN MERCER-CR OCHET NO. 20 (20 GRM.)

MATERIALS:

3 balls selected colour and 3 balls contrasting colour. Milwards steel crochet hook No. 8. (Slack workers could use a No. 8½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

TENSION:

Size of motif=5 in. (10 cm.) from point to point.

MEASUREMENTS:

15 in. x 40 in. (38 cm. x 101.5 cm.).

3 motifs x 8 motifs.

ABBREVIATIONS:

ch—chain; ss—slipstitch; dc—double crochet; tr—treble; dbt tr—double treble; sp—space.

DIRECTIONS**FIRST MOTIF**

With selected colour, commence with 8 ch, join with a ss to form a ring.

1st Row: Into ring work 16 dc, 4 ch, miss 1 dc, 1 dc into next dc; repeat from * ending with 4 ch, 1 ss into first dc.

2nd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 4 ch, 2 dbt tr into same sp leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a cluster made); * 7 ch, 3 dbt tr into next sp leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (another cluster made); repeat from * ending with 7 ch, 1 ss into top of first cluster. Fasten off.

3rd Row: Join contrasting colour to top of first cluster, 7 ch, 1 dbt tr into same place as join, * 2 ch, 1 tr 3 ch and 1 tr into 4th of next 7 ch, 2 ch, 1 dbt tr 3 ch and 1 dbt tr into top of next cluster; repeat from * omitting 1 dbt tr 3 ch and 1 dbt tr at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 4th of 7 ch.

4th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 7 ch, 1 dbt tr into same sp, * 4 ch, 1 tr 3 ch and 1 tr into 3 ch sp between tr, 4 ch, 1 dbt tr 3 ch and 1 dbt tr into next 3 ch sp between dbt tr; repeat from * omitting 1 dbt tr 3 ch and 1 dbt tr at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 4th of 7 ch.

5th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 7 ch, 1 dbt tr into same sp, * 4 ch, 1 tr 3 ch and 1 tr into 3 ch sp between tr, 4 ch, 1 dbt tr 3 ch and 1 dbt tr into next 3 ch sp between dbt tr; repeat from * omitting 1 dbt tr 3 ch and 1 dbt tr at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 4th of 7 ch.

6th Row: Join selected colour in first sp, 4 ch, a 2 dbt tr cluster into same sp, * 6 ch, 3 dbt tr cluster into same sp, * 6 ch, a 3 dbt tr cluster into same sp, 6 ch, a 3 dbt tr cluster 5 ch and a

3 dbt tr cluster into next 3 ch sp between dbt tr; repeat from * omitting a 3 dbt tr cluster 5 ch and a 3 dbt tr cluster at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

8th Row: 4 ch, a 2 dbt tr cluster into same place as last ss, * 3 ch, a 3 dbt tr cluster into next 3 ch sp, (3 ch, a 3 dbt tr cluster into same sp) twice, 3 ch, a 3 dbt tr cluster into top of next cluster, 4 ch, 1 dc into each of next 3 dc, 4 ch, 1 dc into top of next cluster; repeat from * omitting a 3 dbt tr cluster at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

9th Row: 1 dc into same place as last ss, * (2 dc 4 ch and 2 dc into next 3 ch sp, 1 dc into top of next cluster) 4 times, 4 ch, 1 dc into each of next 3 dc, 4 ch, 1 dc into top of next cluster; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into first dc. Fasten off.

SECOND MOTIF

Work same as first motif for 8 rows:

9th Row: 1 dc into same place as last ss, * 2 dc 4 ch and 2 dc into next 3 ch sp, 1 dc into top of next cluster, 2 dc into next 3 ch sp, 2 ch, 1 ss into corresponding 4 ch loop of first motif, 2 ch, 2 dc into same sp on second

motif, 1 dc into top of next cluster, 2 dc into next 3 ch sp, 2 ch, 1 ss into next 4 ch loop on first motif, 2 ch, 2 dc into same sp, on second motif, 1 dc into top of next cluster, 2 dc 4 ch and 2 dc into next 3 ch sp, 1 dc into top of next cluster, 4 ch, 1 dc into each of next 3 dc, 4 ch, 1 dc into top of next cluster; repeat from * once more and complete as for first motif.

Make necessary number of motifs joining adjacent motifs as second was joined to first.

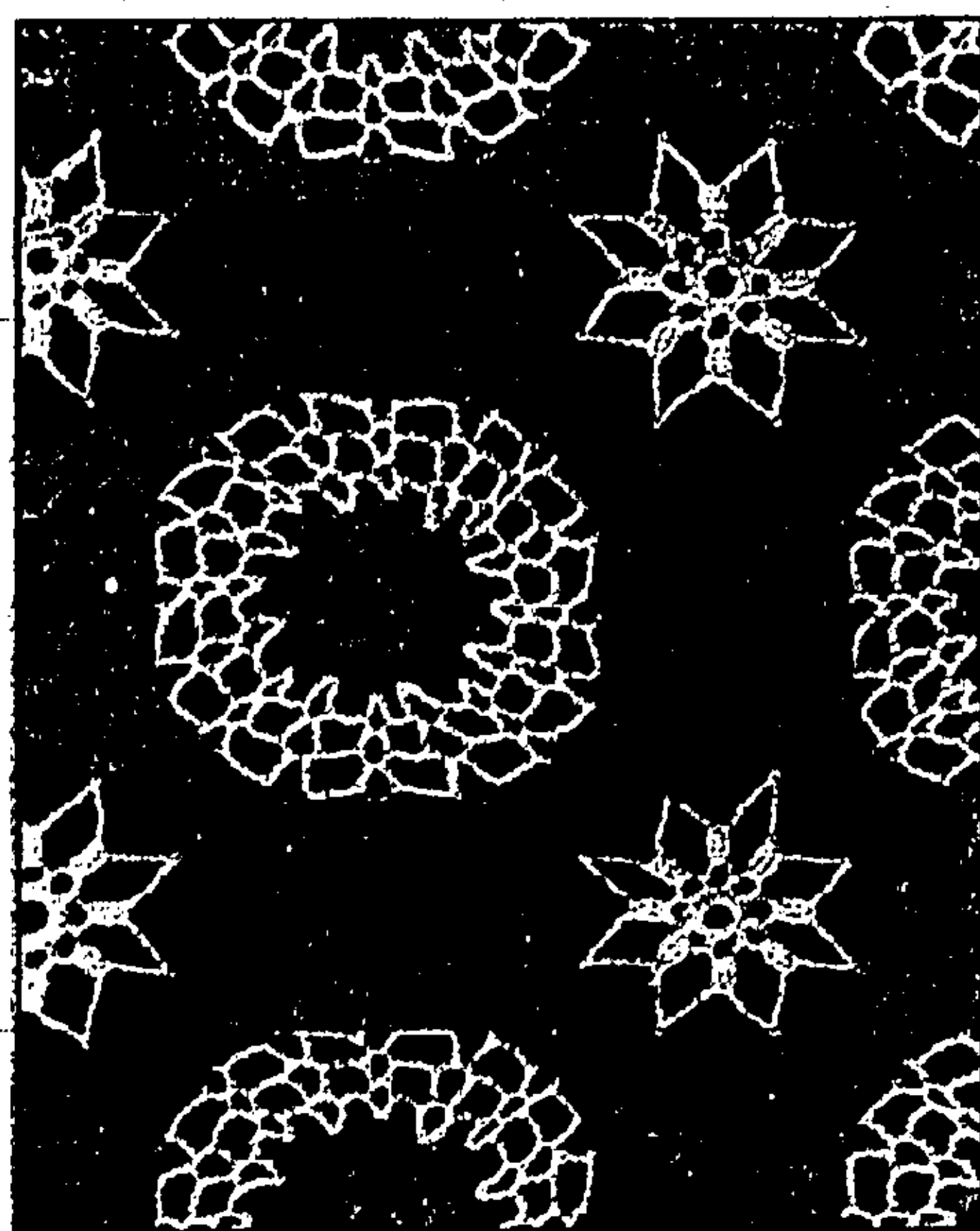
FILLING

With contrasting colour, commence with 8 ch, join with a ss to form a ring.

1st Row: Into ring work 16 dc, 4 ch, miss 1 dc, 1 dc into next dc; repeat from * ending with 4 ch, 1 ss into first dc.

2nd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 4 ch, a 2 dbt tr cluster into same sp, * 6 ch, 1 ss into free 4 ch loop of motif, 6 ch, a 3 dbt tr cluster into next 4 ch sp on filling; repeat from * omitting a 3 dbt tr cluster at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster. Fasten off.

Fill in all spaces between motifs in same manner. Damp and pin out to measurements.



What makes a good stepmother?

TALKING POINTS IN THE NEWS...by EILEEN ASCROFT

HAVING had three step-mothers myself, I am Cynthia and 14-year-old David intrigued with the choice David Nicholls.

Their mother died five years ago and their father has invited them to pick a "motherly, home-loving woman" to be his second wife.

I got on well enough with all three stepmothers, though I did not have to live with them but I reckon I've learned enough to pass on some useful tips to Cynthia and David.

Humour

What makes a successful stepmother? First qualification is a sense of humour. It's this that brings fun and laughter to the daily routine of living.

Secondly, I'd ask for sympathy and understanding, so that occasionally I could enjoy my father's company without creating friction and be able to mention my mother without causing family embarrassment.

I'd want her to be tolerant, too, and allow me reasonable freedom.

So many women who try to take a road mother's place feel such responsibility that they try to mother with care and affection, and forget that the young need privacy and a chance to stretch their wings.

If she wasn't a ravishing beauty, I wouldn't complain, but I would like to be proud of her appearance and value her opinion when I consulted her about fashions and cosmetics.

Home-loving, yes, but certainly not house-proud. So that I could invite friends home without feeling we were disgracing the house.

She'd need to like young people for their own sake, not just as a duty, because I'd expect to enjoy her company. And I'd prefer her to have an inquiring kind of mind so that she was happy to share any new enthusiasms and hobbies.

Love

I'd pray she'd genuinely like me, even love me in time for my own sake so that she'd be proud of my successes and comfort me in my failures.

Lastly, I'd want her to be a true love and companion to my father.

I wouldn't be jealous of the new affection in his life, because I'd realise that a happy and contented husband makes the best kind of father a girl could have.

—(London Express Service).

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

BORN today, you have a tremendous capacity for hard work. If there is a job to be done, you give it your unremitting efforts until it is finished. By nature, you are rather too quiet and retiring. If you learn to come out of your shell and express yourself, you can become a great force for good during your lifetime. You are, at heart, a crusader, and are happiest when you have a cause for which you can fight. You may discover the power of the written word and use your literary talent in behalf of some programme of constructive activity.

You tend to be highly critical of the status quo and are always "Handy Andy" with a cure for anything! You are a builder, and until you can offer a practical solution, you are apt to remain silent. You believe that to tear down without rebuilding is one of the major sins. How right you are!

You are a person who can keep your own counsel, and when it comes to keeping secrets for another, there is no superior. You never gossip and, because of this, many come to you for solution of their problems. They know you will be sympathetic and helpful. Guard against being imposed upon.

Your road through life may not always be an easy one, but you have the courage and tenacity to carry on. You recover quickly from a setback and go forward again. Eventually your efforts should be well-rewarded. Although you will be able to make plenty of money, you probably will give most of it away, helping those whom you feel are less well off than yourself. An early marriage should be a happy and contented one.

Among those born on this date were: Dr. Walter Reed, physician who conquered yellow fever; General John Joseph Pershing, A.E.F. commander in World War I; Maude Ballington Booth, reformer; Thomas Gainsborough, artist; Theodore Roosevelt Jr., son of the ex-President; and William Henry Rinear, sculptor.

To find out what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Not the day for a sea trip—not even a ferry ride! Stay on dry ground to avoid a mishap.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Better plan to postpone construction work until a better time. There may be important details to be reconsidered.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Employment conditions are showing a definite improvement. Map out plans to find exactly what you want.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Take stock of money matters and see that everything is in order. Things should be going well financially.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 20)—You may need to do some week-end cramming for your school-work. It will be well worth your while, too.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Could be a misreading of the cards with the one you love the best. Make a concession and keep the peace.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—If you have a short trip, either for social or business reasons, start out today and all is well.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Might be a good idea for you to schedule your annual physical check-up now. You may need to adjust your diet.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—There can be a misunderstanding with your marriage mate, but tact and forbearance will solve the problem.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If you are looking for someone to help out at home, you might find exactly the maid you need today, purely by accident.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Don't be fooled by external appearances in business matters. Investigate carefully before you act.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If in one of the services, you should find, dealing with your commanding officer an easy thing to do now.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

BORN today, you are a thinker rather than a "doer." You like to make the plans and let others follow through with the actual execution. You have original ideas and are able to map out a clear schedule which others can follow. You are a natural executive and have the ability to select those who are well qualified to do the work assigned them.

Since you have inventive talent, you may gain commercial and business success through the development of your ideas. If you select the right type of partner in business—one who is willing to take on the problems of production and distribution, leaving you to direct the enterprise—you will, more than likely, become wealthy during the latter part of your life.

You have a keen interest in the natural sciences, in literature and in the metaphysical and the occult. Just which direction your life will take will be determined, in large part, by your environment. You could be thrust into some dull routine and if you don't exert your initiative, you may stay in it all through your life. You will always do your job competently, but it gives you no real joy you will reserve your enthusiasms for your spare-time hobbies. Much better to strike out on your own.

Not demonstrative in showing your affections, you will be happiest if you wed someone who is your opposite in temperament as far as the emotions go. Select someone who has an outgoing nature and you will find contentment and happiness in the union.

Among those born on this date were: Charles Dana Gibson, illustrator; Julius Saebye, educator and president of Amherst; William Bradford, Attorney-General under Washington; James Warner Bellah and Hamlin Garland, authors; and Margaret Sanger, reformer.

To find out what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Deal with public persons and adjust any previous misunderstandings. A good day for major advances.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Pay a visit to someone you may not have seen for some time. A pleasant way for you to spend the evening.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Partnership affairs should go very smoothly indeed, right now. Gain a mutual business advantage.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Much too busy a day to start a quarrel, so make a compromise to keep the peace.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 20)—Those who travel for business may also find time for some pleasure along the way.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If in publisher or advertising, you should find this an excellent day to put over a new idea.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—You should be able to settle a law suit successfully—perhaps out of court, if you try it now.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A good time to collect your accounts receivable so that the books balance in your favour.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Romance should go smoothly now. You and your loved one will be attuned to the same wavelength.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Better to keep the peace and avoid making an enemy rather than trying to patch up a serious quarrel afterwards.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Accept an invitation for this evening and have a pleasant social time with close friends.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Start out on a trip today. The aspects are excellent for travel by land, sea or air.

CYRIL STAPLETON'S COLUMN

Another Harrison Hits The Discs

I INTRODUCE today a new record singer. His name: Harrison. Son of that other "singer" Rex.

This one is 24-year-old Noel Harrison and he has just made his first E.P. records for H.M.V. The record company has sufficient faith in him to sign him up right away to a contract, and to dispense with the usual form of introduction for a new singer, and merely put on the illustrated jackets of the records the simple line, "Noel Harrison."

That is fine indeed—for a first effort, Harrison's recordings are "San Francisco Bay Blues," "Fool Man Blues," "Wandering," and that old stand-by "Frankie and Johnnie."

To two guitars

He sings them to the accompaniment of two guitars (one his own) and a double bass.

Some of the numbers Harrison dug up on his tours around the world. The session for the four records lasted one afternoon.

Noel Harrison drifted into singing when he finished his Army service four years ago. His guitar was the passport that took him around the Continent.

Noel developed his style rubbing elbows with the blues characters who perambulate the Continent—like the American folk-singer named Jack Elliott. I predict that we shall be hearing much more of Mr. Harrison's son Noel.

Tour is off

A DEATH rattle from rock 'n' roll. Projected tour of Alan Freed's Big Beat show in Britain has been called off.

Freed's last tour of America ended ingloriously. Three of the last dates were cancelled after opposition from city authorities.

And Freed must now answer charges of inciting a riot with his R. & R. show in Boston in May. Fifteen people were injured.

Freed was originally a disc jockey who did so much to promote rock 'n' roll that he earned the title of the Rock 'n' Roll Impresario.

Now tactics

LOAK and dagger tactics are being adopted by some of the new record companies. They fear that they will be squeezed out by the older concerns which have the power to put pressure on wholesalers, retailers, and, in fact, anyone connected with getting the records to the public.

The new companies—it is whispered that no fewer than 10 new labels are in preparation—are believed to be planning their own distribution via cinemas, theatres, and big stores.

The winner

MY £20 prize for picking the British star pop singer of tomorrow goes to Mrs. Maureen O'Malley, of 18, Lydeard Road, East Ham, E., who wrote:

"Inaudible rock 'n' rollers come and go, but Tony Dallin holds the key to lasting success with his powerful clear voice, personality, and good looks."

FICTION SHELF By JOHN WATERMAN

AFTER LONG SILENCE. By Robert G. Gollancz. 15s. A caper round the mid-20th century campus with everyone majoring in crazy mixed-up relationships. The clink of ice in the eye, the whiplash of smart remarks, the sound of distorting jazz are continuous. One character runs a Cadillac house (to sleep six).

Tom Freeman eventually becomes the centre of a McCarthyist investigation, his constant companion is killed, he marries, and the merry-go-round ceases to turn. Highly enter-

taining and written with brittle assurance.

COMMON PEOPLE. By Philip Galloway. Heinemann, 15s. An apprentice engineer with ambition to become the Van Gogh of the Machine Shop leaves the provinces for the artist's life in London. He has some predictable seamy adventures, marries, and returns to humdrum respectability in Birmingham. Well-drawn characters people this circular progress, but its significance is inadequately conveyed.

(London Express Service).

How to live without money

SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING. By Edmund G. Love. Gollancz, 15s.

by George Malcolm Thomson

IT is not possible, exclaimed the New York judge when he was told that seven old women had been living for three months in the rest rooms at Pennsylvania Station. But Mr. Love was not in the least surprised by the news.

Two of his friends have been living in Grand Central Station off and on for 10 years. Of such things, he writes, is an informative and diverting little book. Mr. Love met his subjects at a time when he was one of them himself. He was a tramp, a wait, a bum.

It is hard to generalise about these people of Love's. They do not fall easily into a category. Each is an individual, cultivating to the point of extravagance his own autonomous way of life.

UNPAID BILL

Into what sociological pigeon hole, for example, would you fit a man like Henry Shelby, graduate of the University of Michigan?

After some trifling argument about a bill, he walked out of his hotel one day in 1953 and has not paid for his lodgings since. He is a vagrant, observant, vigilant and ingenious. Every second night he sleeps in the New York subway. In between, he does in hotel lobbies.

Henry is full of good advice on the problem of free accommodation, and how to get it.

Always carry something when sleeping in a lobby. Officials will respect a man's privacy if he has an umbrella or a briefcase in his lap. Even so, Henry has to visit eight hotels in a day to get four hours' sleep. His is a busy life.

All-night cinemas are much over-rated as sleeping places. No doubt the seats are more comfortable than those provided by the subway, but they lie back too far to be any real use.

RACING

Besides, there is the noise from the screen. Instead of getting some sleep Shelby finds himself being entertained.

He prefers to seek his own entertainment—reading the muckrakers of old newspapers in the public library. He plays at betting on the horses in the races of one bygone day and in the next day's paper looks up to see which won.

So far Henry is doing well in his historical gambling career. Also, when he tried his system on real-life racing it did not work out so well.

Even more industrious is Charlie Knutsen, who for 10 years has been a nomad living in the apartments of his friends when they are not in town.

At a critical moment in his life Knutsen stumbled on the mathematical truth that, if only he knew enough people in New York, there must always be a moment when one of them was going away. He bought a notebook and began keeping a list of names and addresses.

It is hard work, for it means keeping in regular touch with about 80 homes. But the result is that Knutsen never needs to spend money on rent.

What he earns is devoted to the grand aim and ambition which governs his life: the music lessons that are going to make him an opera star. This is the miracle which, after 10 years, Knutsen still believes in.

Simpler and less idealistic is the answer to life's problem which Marsha Grant has evolved.

CHOOSEY

An ingenious girl, she runs up bills in hotels and then, when the management proposes to throw her into the street, reveals that she has no clothes either on her body or in her possession.

Kindly innkeepers have taken Marsha's last garment to some unknown hide-out.

Draped in the hotel's towels she defies the management until the climax of the drama, when Marsha throws the towels off.

This scene is much improved by the fact that she is a shapely young woman.

To get rid of her the management usually buys Marsha a new costume. It has to be a good one, too, for she is choosey.

(London Express Service).

The Secret Of The Great Explorer

—Was He A Hero Or A Fraud?

BOOKS by ROBERT PITMAN

IN the black, cool night the three little ships creaked onwards. The wind which had followed them across the unknown ocean, across the sea of weed, still rattled in the sails. But that was the only noise. The darkness was thick, silent.

Then suddenly at 2 a.m. the moon glittered on something white ahead. A man screamed, a gun thundered. From the three ships rose a mingled murmur of weeping and prayers.

And in the biggest ship—it was no bigger than a small pleasure steamer—a tall man with flushed cheeks and greying ginger hair bent down into his cabin.

With trembling hands he took off his sailor's hooded jacket and began putting on the glittering uniform of a viceroy and admiral to which he was now entitled.

Solemnly he took out the parchment scroll addressed to the Emperor of China.

Imagining he had reached Asia, Don Cristobal Colon—the man we call Columbus—had discovered America instead.

SO STRANGE

That journey we were all supposed to learn about at school. But today, when mankind is teetering on the brink of space and the example of Columbus is bandied about once more, how much do you really know about him?

Do you know about the strange controversies which are connected with his voyage? Do you know even that he first bumped against America in the middle of the night?

I certainly didn't—until I read a book CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—the Man, by a

French maritime expert, Jean Merrien (Odhamas, 25s.). Then I read CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, MARINER, by S. E. Morison who took a sailing boat over the original course (Faber, 21s.).

Finally I consulted the big biography of Columbus (now out of print) by the Spanish scholar and B.B.C. Brains Trust man Salvador de Madariaga.

What is the evidence of these books? Well, consider the mystery of the birth of Columbus.

At school we were taught that he was the son of a weaver from Genoa. But Columbus was secretive about his birth, never mentioned Genoa during his lifetime—and none of his writings is in Italian. Why?

Madariaga explains that the Columbus family were really Spanish Jews who had fled to Genoa to escape a pogrom.

INFLUENTIAL

Columbus himself, says Madariaga, was a converted Jew—a "Converso"—as were nearly all the highest officials at the Spanish court and many influential Spaniards, including some bishops.

Years after the first voyage, when Columbus had been arrested and sent back to Spain for cruelty and mismanagement in the lands he discovered, a Franciscan missionary wrote home:

"For the love of God, see that neither he nor any of his nation returns to these islands."

The reference can be only to the Jewish nation, since the same Franciscan also mentions his wish "to free this land from the domination of King Pharaoh" (slang term for Jews).

But why should Columbus conceal the fact that he was a Converso—if there were already so many Conversos at the royal court?

COINCIDENCE

Because, while he was seeking sponsors for his voyage, a fierce wave of anti-Semitism was sweeping over Spain—a wave which swept many Conversos as well as unconverted Jews to the stake.

And by coincidence, on August 2, 1492—the day on which Columbus sailed on his great voyage from Spain—the Spanish ports were full of pathetic, straggling families carrying bundles of clothes and belongings. For that August day marked the culmination of anti-Semitism in Spain. It was the day by which all orthodox Jews had to leave the country for good.

Then there is the mystery of Columbus and the unknown pilot.

At school we were taught that Columbus decided on his route more or less by his own unaided genius. But by what instinct was he inspired to keep his course northwards for so many days on his homeward voyage? It enabled him to

catch the "most favourable winds of all—how did he know they were there?"

Biographer Merrien, citing the evidence of a friend and fellow-voyager of Columbus, explains that the discoverer had received secret information about an earlier discovery.

Some years previously a merchant ship had been driven across the Atlantic in a storm, perhaps as far as the Bahamas. Among the few survivors was the pilot, whom Columbus chanced to meet.

The man was in great poverty and distress. Columbus took him into his own house, where eventually the pilot died—but not before he had given Columbus a detailed chart of his course.

Then there is the mystery of Columbus and Pinzon.

At school we were taught that as the landless days went by on the outward voyage only Columbus kept heart. But what of the part played by Martin Alonso Pinzon?

EVIDENCE

Pinzon, a shipowner from Palos, helped Columbus and the right ships before the journey began. He contributed a great part of the capital; he recruited nearly all the crew. He was captain of one of the three ships; his brother was captain of another.

And the evidence of eye-witnesses, apart from Columbus himself, makes it plain that Pinzon, at times, had to put heart into Columbus.

When mutiny threatened Columbus on board his own boat Pinzon hailed him with this advice:

"Sir, hang half a dozen, I beg you, or throw them into the water; and if you dare not do it, my brothers and I will come aboard and do it."

The eye-witness account comments blandly: "At those words all took courage again."

BELITTLES

Yet Columbus, in his edited version of his own journal of the voyage, repeatedly belittles Pinzon on every occasion. How did he manage to get away with it without contradiction?

The explanation is simple: poor Pinzon, the man who could have contradicted him, died within a few weeks of the return to Spain while Columbus was staying as a guest at his house.

Biographer Merrien (who, by the way, claims that Columbus was of French, not Jewish, descent) writes darkly:

"His death was singularly opportune: for if a written agreement between Pinzon and Columbus had existed, as seems probable, it was never found. Again, if the agreement was a gentleman's one, a dead man cannot call for it to be fulfilled. Nor was Pinzon's log-book ever found."

THE EVIDENCE

Could Columbus have been responsible for Pinzon's death? Merrien believes so.

He points out that the unknown pilot had also died alone with Columbus. And he points to a piece of evidence about the explorer's character which has always embarrassed the Columbus fans.

Queen Isabella had promised £200 yearly for ever to the family of the sailor who first sighted land.

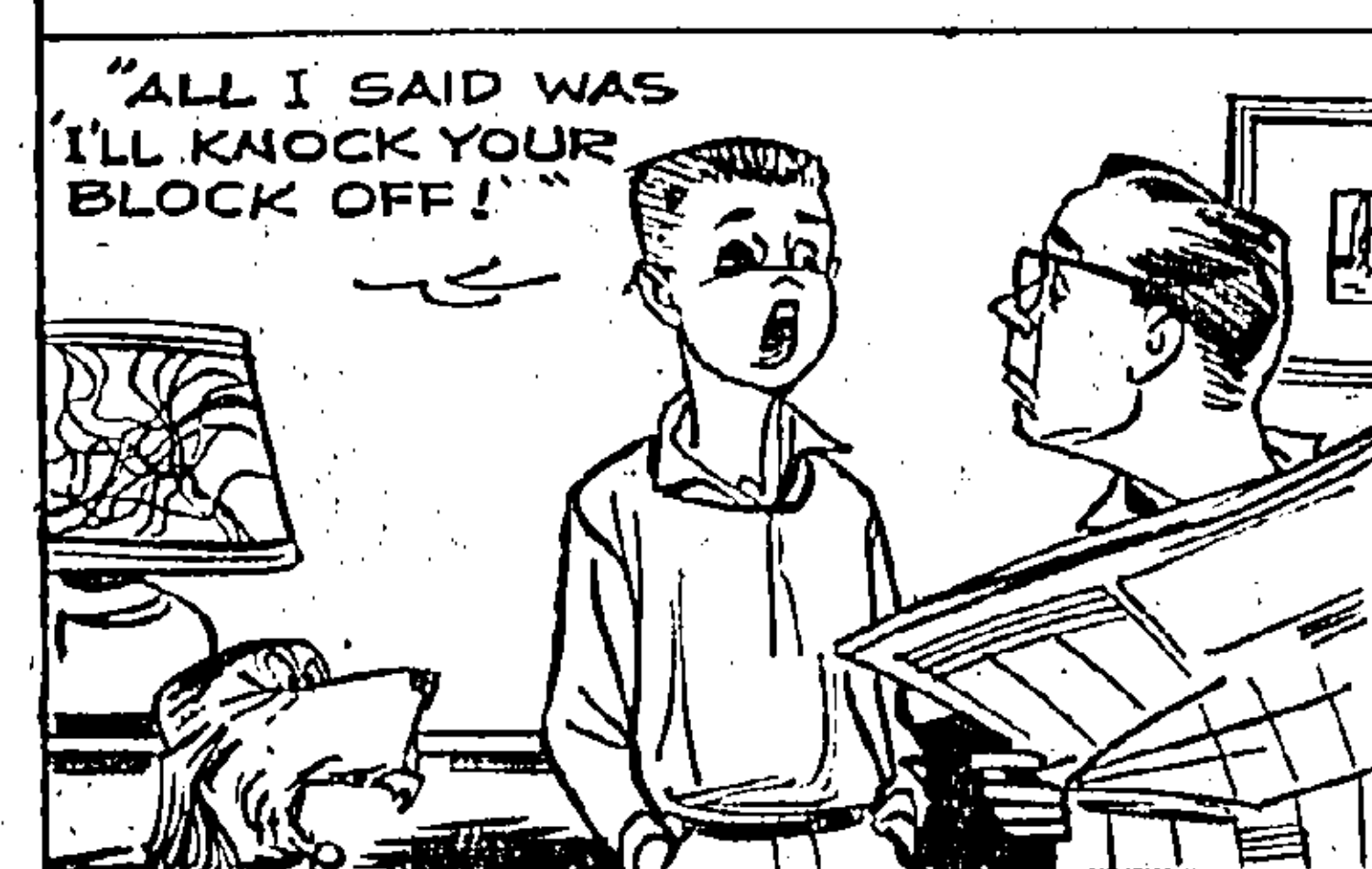
But the sailor who first sighted the white sand in the moonlight did not get it. Columbus explained that he, too, had seen a kind of flickering light about four hours before, although he decided not to suggest it was land at the time.

So Columbus—in addition to all the riches and prizes which he was supposed to have won—look-out's prize as well.

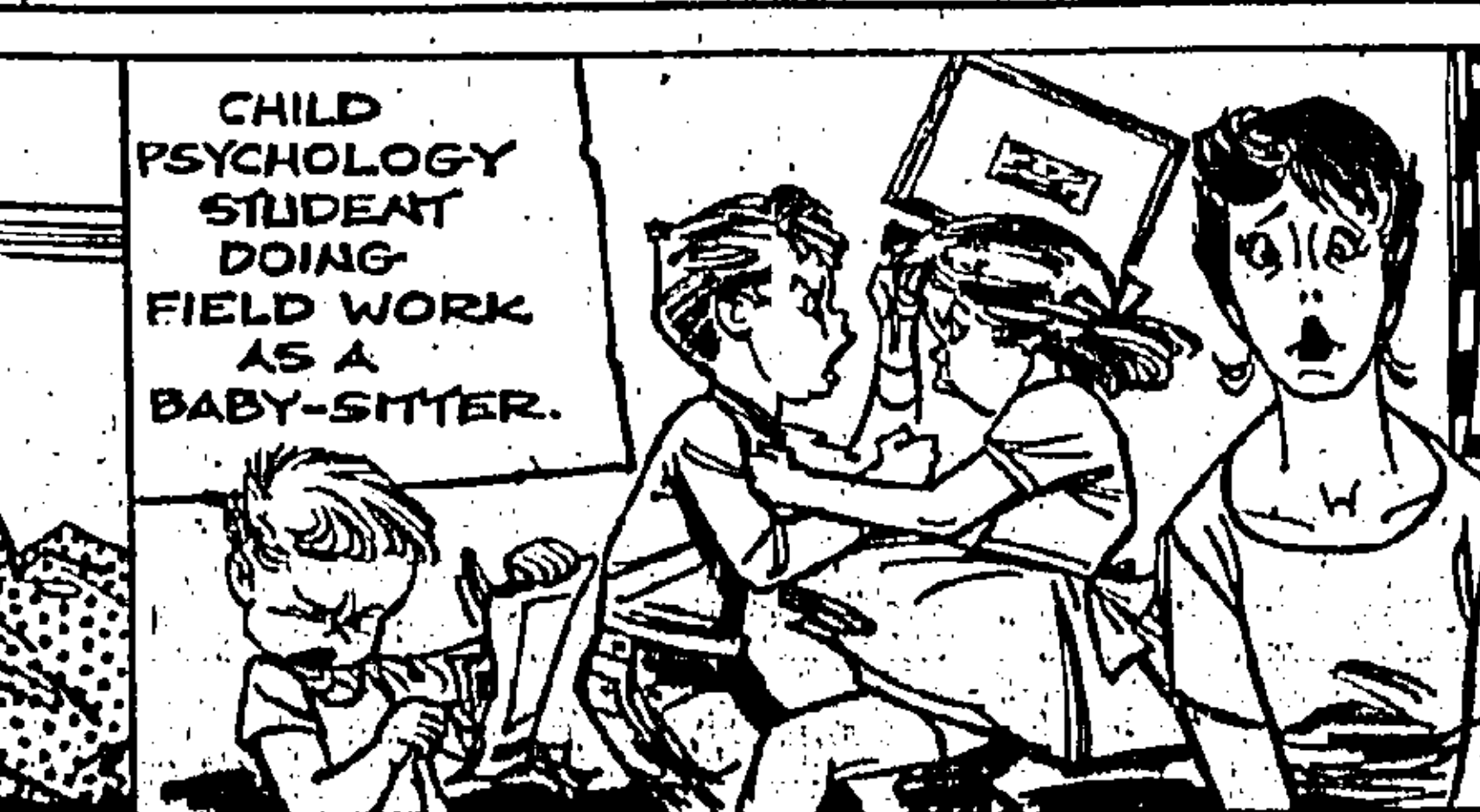
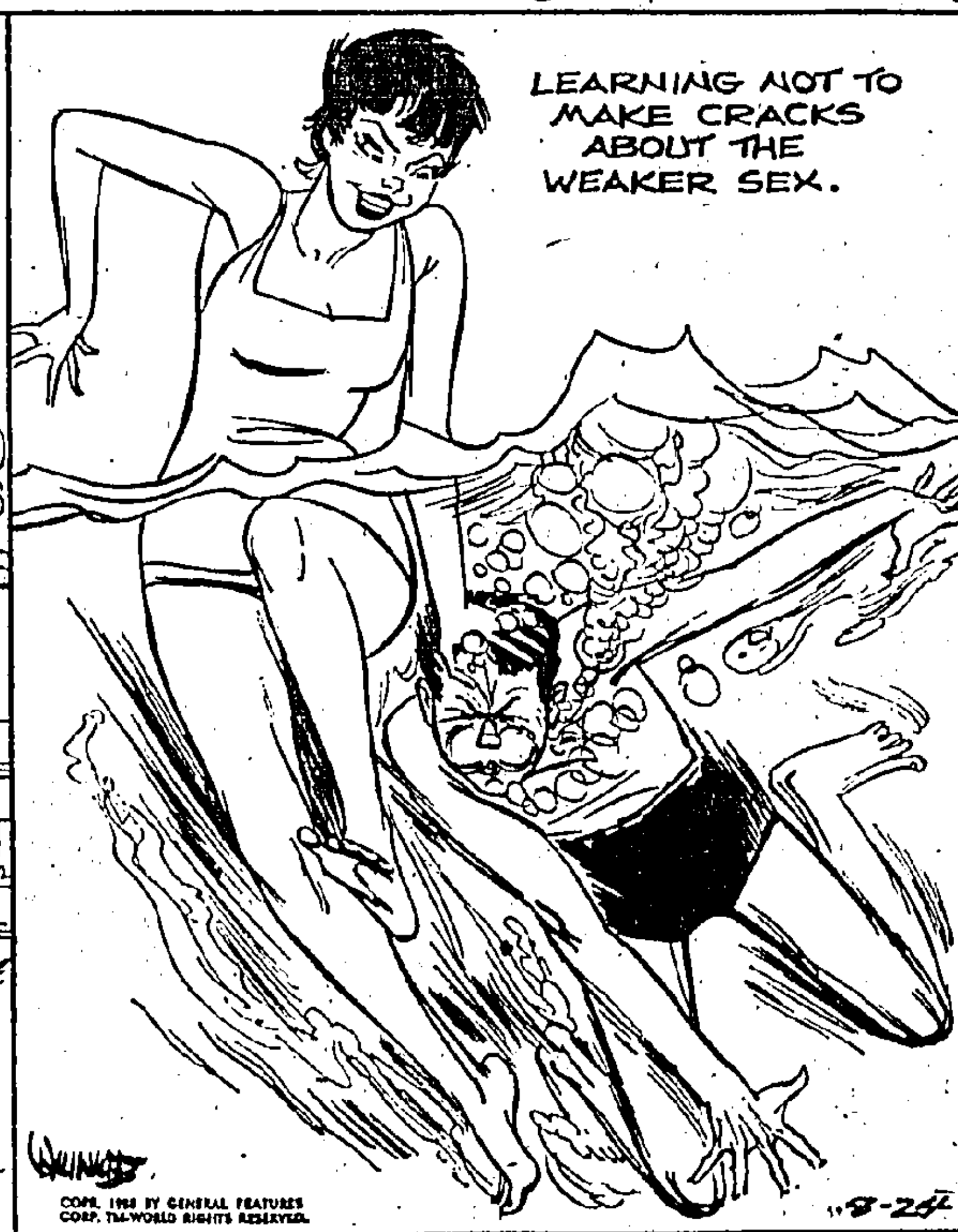
VIGNETTES OF LIFE



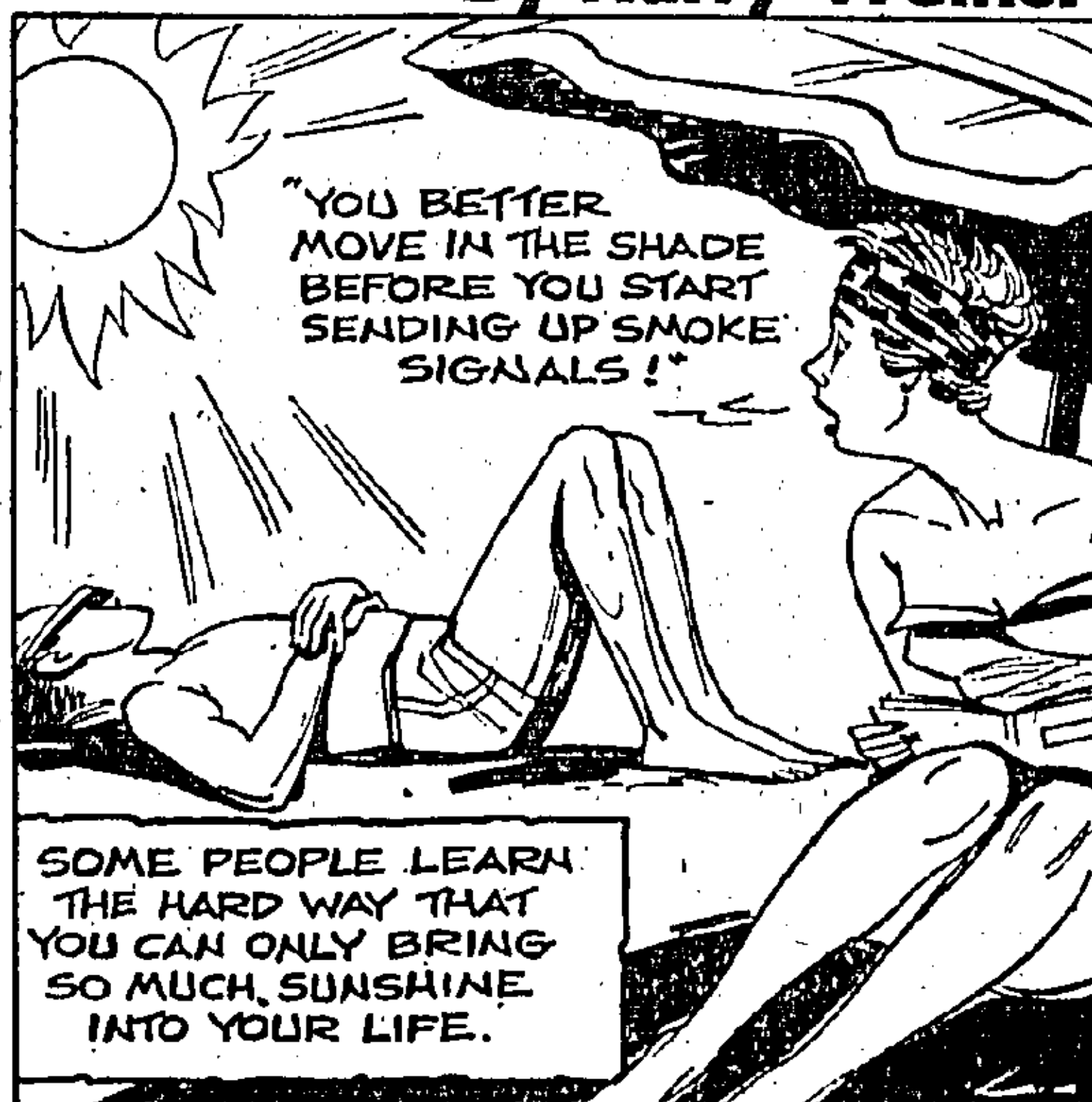
IF YOU WANT TO GET IT ON THE CHIN... BUT GOOD... ASK THEM HOW THEY GROW DAHLIAS.



Learning The Hard Way



By Harry Weinert



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature



VALERIE FRY

FROM SYNTAX TO TINTACKS

Valerie Fry started on her career with what she calls laudable but unexciting intentions of becoming a schoolmistress, but after some years specialising in History, Latin, French and English decided that as history was bunk and Latin dead, there must be more interesting ways of earning a living. Since then she has been with the Crown Agents, where she claims to have been a buyer for everything from tintsacks to fittings for luxury trains, an administrative co-ordinator, or in her own words "generally a dog's life" for a large metal-ware factory, and in Hongkong the editor and writer of a trade magazine, newspaper columnist and public relations officer. In addition to her more recent connection with Radio Hongkong.

Before coming to Hongkong

with her husband at the beginning of 1950, she had never seen a microphone, but for many years one of her chief hobbies had been the amateur stage, where she appeared with several companies and in a variety of parts, her favourite being that of lampshade in a school play at the age of five. A talent for talking interminably and fluently on practically every subject under the sun brought her a first experience of radio work as a member of the panel on the Radio Hongkong's famous game "Quiz of the Gab." Her first connection with "Women Only," the women's magazine programme broadcast at lunchtime on Wednesdays, came through her knowledge of local trade and manufactures, on which she gave some talks

on articles like Jade and Ivory carving. From being a contributor she became the emcee and then joined the ranks of the back-room boys by taking over the compiling and production, preferring the pen to the word except for interviewing, which she enjoys because of the opportunity it gives her to meet new people. Her hobbies are writing, reading—anything from detective to dictionaries, dancing ("Though I still haven't caught up with the 'Cha-Cha'"), amateur dramatics, going to the cinema, and playing badminton, the last to counter the effects of her other favourite hobby, eating too many chocolates. Her full time job is being around when her husband and three small children.



ON Saturday evening at eight-fifteen Larry Allen, pianist, singer and wit, starts a new series specially for Radio Hongkong in which he sings fifteen minutes of your favourite songs at the piano. Listen at a quarter-past eight to Larry Allen's "Piano Playtime."

Their Finest Hour

At 9 o'clock on Monday there's a feature programme about the designer of the Spitfire, R. J. Mitchell. Mitchell began life as a locomotive engineer but achieved immortal fame by his design of one of the most successful fighting aircraft of all time, the Supermarine Spitfire. He was also the designer of the aircraft which won out at 9 o'clock on Monday to "The Flight of a Bird," the story of R. J. Mitchell.

The Return Room

On Wednesday at 9 o'clock the Ulster poet, W.R. Rodgers, is presenting what he calls a "word-eye view" of Belfast. Using the authentic and unique Belfast accent he looks back without anger over the smoky roof tops to the Belfast of a generation ago. "The Return Room" by W.R. Rodgers is presented by the BBC, and is on the air at 9 o'clock on Wednesday.

This Week

Saturday night's topical magazine programme is on the air at 7.30 p.m. This week's programme includes an interview with two visiting musicians, Alan Gribben and Joan Joyce, based in London at the British Trade Union Congress, an interview with Lewis "Carve Her Name with Pride" Gilbert, the Managing Director of Quantas Airways, and it is hoped the voice

of Group Captain Cunningham. This Week is produced by Timothy Birch, is on the air at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday.

Celebrity Recital

The two visiting American musicians, Alan Gribben, violinist, and Joan Joyce, pianist, will give a recital on Radio Hongkong on Monday evening at 8.30 p.m. They will play Sonata in E flat K. 302 by Mozart, Variations and Capriccio by the contemporary American composer, Norman Dello Joie, and Rondo from Sonata in D major Op. 12 No. 1 by Beethoven.

(Broadcasting on a frequency 800 kilocycles per second.)

Today

7.30 p.m. ROMANCE IN MUSIC & SONG. TIME SIGNAL. 7.50 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL. 8.15 a.m. WEATHER REPORT & PROGRAMME PARADE. 8.30 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 8.45 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 9.00 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 9.15 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 9.30 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 9.45 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 10.00 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 10.15 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 10.30 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 10.45 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 11.00 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 11.15 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 11.30 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 11.45 a.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME. 12.00 p.m. MUSIC FOR THE HOME.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s, 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s, 13.92m)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 13

7.30 p.m. THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 14

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

MONDAY, SEPT. 15

7.30 p.m. THE HERMAN AND DENIZ. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 16

7.30 p.m. ENGLISH MAGAZINE. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 18

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 19

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 20

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 21

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

MONDAY, SEPT. 22

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 23

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.00 p.m. THE NEWS. 8.15 p.m. WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.45 p.m. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 9.00 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 9.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 10.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.00 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.15 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.30 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 11.45 p.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. 12.00 a.m. JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL. 7.15 a.m. NEWS SUMMARY. 7.30 a.m. WEATHER REPORT. 7.45 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 8.00 a.m. DIARY FOR TODAY. 8.15 a.m. MUSIC IN THE AIR. 8.30 a.m. PROGRAMME PARADE. 8.45 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 9.00 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 9.15 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 9.30 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 9.45 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 10.00 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 10.15 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 10.30 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 10.45 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 11.00 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 11.15 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 11.30 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 11.45 a.m. MORNING MELODY. 12.00 p.m. MORNING MELODY.

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Saturday

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SHOSTAKOVITCH : SYMPHONY No. 1 in F MAJOR
With KABADEVSKY : Colas Breugnion Suite, Op. 24. Vladimir Golschmann conducting St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

LIBETZ : A FAUST SYMPHONY
With "Les Preludes". A. Taubert Argenta conducting l'Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris and l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.

SCHUMANN : SYMPHONY No. 1 "SPRING"
With Symphony No. 4 Josef Krips conducting The London Symphony Orchestra.

GOUNOD : SYMPHONY No. 2
With BIZET : Jeux d'Enfants. Igor Markevitch conducting l'Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux, Paris.

INDY : Symphony on a French MOUNTAIN AIR
With FRANCK : Symphonie Variations, for Orchestra. Robert Casadesu (piano) with The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York conducted by Charles Munch.

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MOUTRIES

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Fortune Smiled On British Master Painters

ONE MARRIED A COUNTESS WHO WALKED INTO HIS LANDSCAPE

MANY people believe, quite wrongly, that the master painters of the past lived in lonely garrets and derived little benefit from their work. It is true that Rembrandt ended his days in poverty. But this ill-fortune was certainly not shared by the great British artists of the 18th century, most of whom became wealthy and lived happy married lives.

There were, of course, exceptions, such as the eccentric George Morland, who although an industrious and successful painter, came to an unhappy end.

The son of an artist, Morland was born in London in 1763. For years he was driven so hard by his father that he became headstrong, and a drunkard while still young. He worked hard enough, however, to maintain a large household after his marriage to Anne Ward. But gradually he became more and

more spendthrift and eventually a bankrupt.

Joseph Turner, the son of a barber, was just the reverse of Morland. He was short and stout, crooked-legged and red-faced, and there was no romance in his life. His two passions were to excel as an artist and to keep himself to himself. But he worked incessantly and hoarded his wealth, leaving a fortune of £140,000 when he died at the age of 76.

Another odd-looking genius was William Hogarth, who was born in 1697. He was small, insignificant and ugly but he liked to strut about in brightly-coloured clothes.

Traitors' Heads

As a boy, his greatest diversion was watching the faces of people who crowded the narrow streets of London. When the heads of traitors were stuck high on Temple Bar, a man with a telescope would charge a half-penny for a closer view. Young Hogarth seized this opportunity to draw the expressions on the watching faces. Later he worked as a metal engineer, and took drawing lessons.

In 1720, the London art world was startled to hear that the painter Hogarth had eloped with Jane, the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the famous painter of murals. Sir James was furious, but he need not have worried about his daughter's future. Hogarth soon prospered and had two fine houses in London.

Tall and handsome John Constable also met opposition when he fell in love with Maria Bicknell, grand-daughter of the vicar of East Bergholt, Suffolk. Five years of secret courtship took place before their marriage. It was a village romance, as the artist was born in East Bergholt, Suffolk, in 1770. His father was a miller and the only man in the village with any feeling for art was the local plumber, John and he became great friends, and the plumber helped John with his first landscapes.

Although he had periods of ill-health, Constable was very successful and much of his work was exhibited in France, where he was given a medal by the king.

Sir Henry Raeburn, the great Scottish painter, was left an orphan when he was very young, but he was cared for by a kindly woman and received a good education. Apprenticed to a goldsmith, he became a promising self-taught artist. He grew into a fine man, well over six feet tall, with striking features. Charming and unaffected, he was soon well-known in the houses of the wealthy, and they often sat for him.

In 1778, when Raeburn was 22, he met the girl of his dreams in the most romantic way. She was the Countess Leslie and she walked into a landscape scene he was sketching near Edinburgh. It was love at first sight, and soon afterwards the Countess called at his studio to ask to have her portrait painted. Two months later the couple were married and had a very happy and comfortable life. Knighted in 1822, Raeburn was appointed the king's "limner and painter in Scotland". It was a quiet honour which came too late for him to enjoy, as he died the following year.

A beautiful woman also brought great happiness and stability to Thomas Gainsborough, who was born in Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1727. His first portrait, drawn when a boy, had an unsuspecting sitter. He recorded a striking likeness of a man about to rob a tree in an orchard.

When he was 20, Gainsborough married lovely 18-year-old Margaret Burr, the sister of a traveller who worked for his father, a wool-merchant. The young couple made a song of life at their first home at Ipswich. Margaret knew just how to bring out the best in her dreamy, music-loving husband and he owed much of his success to her sweet disposition.

Another artist knight, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was like Hogarth in appearance. He was a small, roundish man, with red cheeks and blunt features. Unlike Hogarth he never married, but he shared with the Londoner a liking for grandeur.

When he became one of the V.I.P.'s of London, Reynolds had a gilded coach, adorned with paintings of the four seasons. His fame reached its peak when he became painter to the king. He died in 1792 and was buried in St Paul's Cathedral.

Child Marvel

Also in St. Paul's is the body of a third knight, Sir Thomas Lawrence. The son of an innkeeper, Lawrence was born in 1768 and was soon regarded as a child marvel. He drew portraits and could recite long poems at the age of 10. When he was 21, he painted the picture of the year in London. Later he succeeded Reynolds as painter to the king, and recorded on canvas most of the notable people of his time.

One of the highest-paid of British artists was George Romney, who was born in 1734. He could also have had a lifetime of happy marriage, but like Lord Nelson, he fell under the spell of Emma, Lady Hamilton. Emma was one of his many famous sitters and he called her "the divine lady".

This blind devotion of a romantic wanderer, who spent years in France and Italy, kept him away from his home in Kendal, Westmorland, for 30 years. But all this time, Mary Romney, his sweet-natured wife, prayed for the return of her husband. She had married him at the outset of his career, when his work was confined to painting signboards.

As soon as Romney made enough money, he said goodbye to Mary and their two children, and went to London to seek his fortune. Only twice during his prosperous years did he visit his family again. But when he was 60, his health failed. Broken in spirit, he eventually returned to Kendal. The ever-devoted Mary nursed him back to some semblance of health, but it was a tragically short reunion, as a year or so later Romney was dead.

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Now there's an embarrassment for you, Tosh."

Battle of the Bottle

—and the sort of man who makes it so fierce

DID you have a drink last night? A soft drink? If it was one of two dozen of the top names in the soft drink world, then you were taking part—without knowing it—in the biggest battle of the bottle that Britain has seen.

For today two of the really big groups in the soft drink world are talking in millions of pounds about taking over a smaller firm that makes the Corona soft drink.

On one side there is the Beecham combine. And on the other side there is the Schweppes group.

The giants in this business want to make sure that that drink you had last night was one of their products.

And the City pages show that the odds are on the mighty Beecham group winning. For the City knows the man behind it all.

Millions

I went to see him the other day. I stepped out of the Great West Road into the 10-storey ceiling block of Beecham House and went up in the chairman's lift to meet this boss of a £24,000,000 business empire.

Henry George Lazell. Fifty-five years old. His face lined with the creases that come from a ready smile. A sun-tanned, grey-haired man in a light grey suit and a silver-grey tie.

The chief. The now chairman of a group of businesses that sell dozens of different kinds of household names in medicines, chemicals, foods, hair-treatments, sweets, and drinks.

Sixteen factories here, 18 factories overseas, a profit of £2,000,000 last year and a sales graph that still goes up and up. The previous chairman, 70-year-old Lord Dovercourt, resigned last month to make way for this man who was his managing director for the past six years.

The secret

I put the old question—what is the secret of your success? But I added: "Did you ever think about it on your way up?"

He leaned back from his big, tidy desk (two files, a blotting-pad, a folder on American anti-trust laws and a sample tin of salt). He looked out to the roof garden and said: "I never analysed what I wanted. I never made a target for myself."

It upset me maxim which I might have passed on for young men to cherish.

He recollected: "When I was a lad I got a job as a temporary civil servant because I thought it would give me an opportunity to play cricket in my spare time. I wanted to become a professional cricketer."

His dream of Lazell's great century at Lord's never came to anything. For men came back from the First World War to their Civil Service jobs and young Lazell was out of a job.

Luck? Yes

Looking back again over the path to the top... First real job as a ledger clerk. (I spent most of my spare time training myself

widely anywhere. So when he spotted the traveller's report he jotted down some sales figures on his pad to get a rough idea of how many bottles of the drink would sell in the national market, based on the Newcastle sales.

He got a figure that raised his eyebrows. His next move was to go to Newcastle and meet the man who was selling the drink. Would he sell out? Yes, he would. That was in 1930.

Lazell, the giant with his eyes today on another soft drink

market, confessed: "I don't think I can ever hope to make a deal like that in my lifetime again. I bought Lucozade for £200,000. We brought it out of the local shops and put it on sale everywhere. I won't tell you what the profits were last year—but they were about half of the Beecham Foods range."

I'm not a City man but I reckon that the profit must have been near the £500,000 mark. Even if I'm wrong I can see how Henry George Lazell feels happy over the profits his group has made in nearly 20 years from "chicken-feed."

Constantly he tries to find young men for his different companies.

With good lieutenants working under him he is able to concentrate on advertising (which fascinates him), and the task

of winning dollars from the export market. I asked him how he feels about finding time to relax from business worries—although his working hours are 9 a.m. till 5.30 and he shows no enthusiasm for the maxim that a man should work hard for his living. ("What's the use of working hard if you are not interested? Hard work alone is not a key to success.") I don't want fame, he told me. But he tastes—and creates—success all the same. He is eager to tell the world, not of himself, but of his goods. His ambition—right at this moment—is to get a soft drink.

James Bartlett

ZANIES

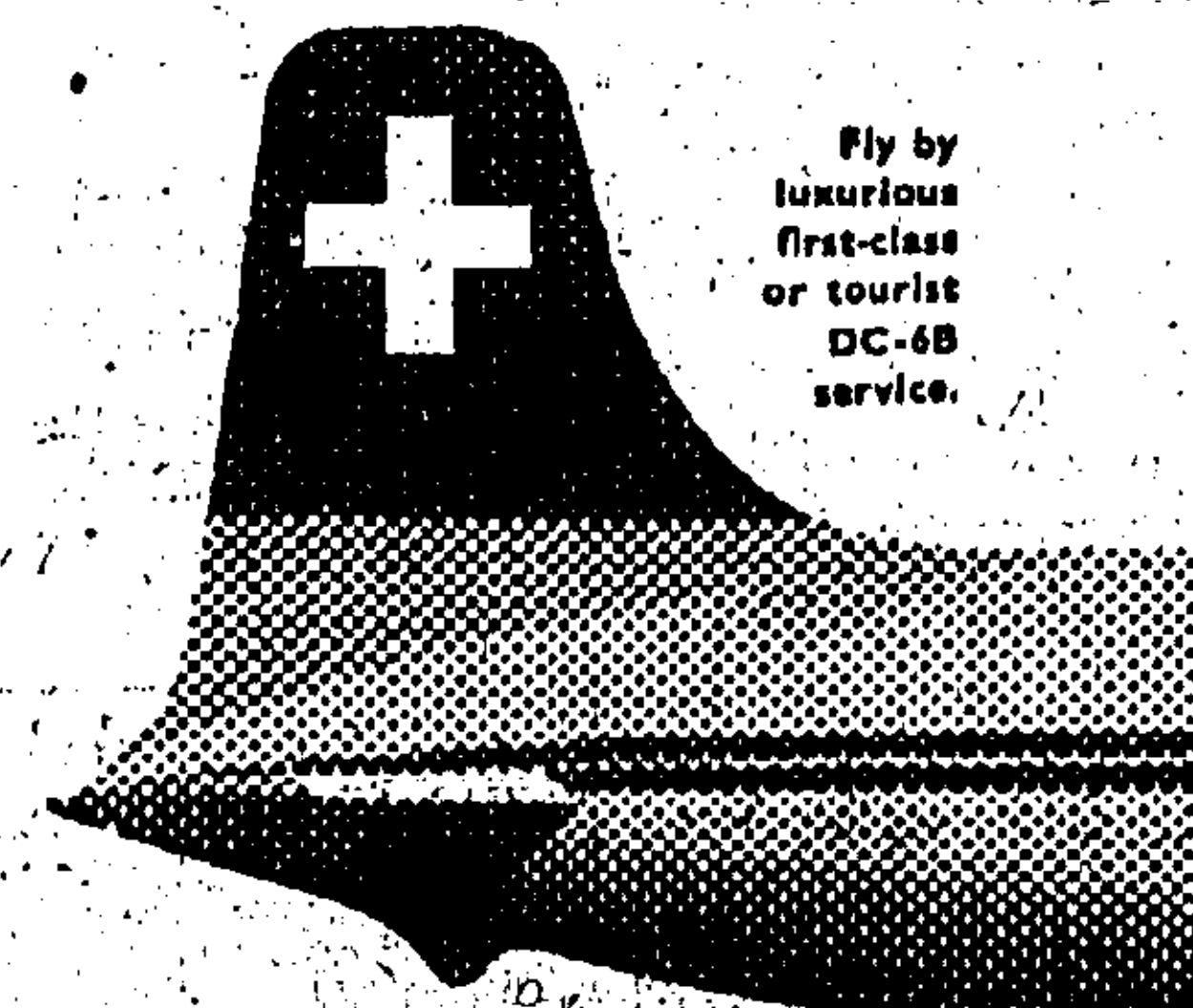


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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

This Triple Squeeze Features A Puzzler

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN I was first playing serious bridge one of my instructors was the late Joseph B. Lee, of Brooklyn. The game was auction in those days and Joe's favourite hand was one in which he and his partner set a sound bidder seven tricks at a one-no-trump contract.

The hand is an example of a one-way pressure squeeze in which the victim is the declarer, not the defender, and the squeeze operates in three suits.

Joe sat East and opened one club. He had a perfectly good bid by auction standards and you can't really criticise South for his no-trump overall. He had 20 points and a sure club stopper.

West doubled and, when everyone passed, proceeded to

NORTH		2	
♥ 10 8 6 5 3			
♦ 2			
♠ 10 8 6 5 2			
♣ 8 4			
WEST	EAST (D)		
♥ J 4	♥ 9 7 2		
♥ A K Q 10 8	♥ 7		
♦ 8 4 3	♦ 9 7 3		
♦ J 4	♠ A K Q 9 6 5		
♣ 2			
SOUTH			
♥ A K Q			
♥ J 9 5			
♦ A K Q			
♠ J 10 7 3			
No one vulnerable			
East	South	West	North
1 ♣	1 N.T.	Double	Pass
Pass	Pass		
Opening lead—♥ A			

run his eight-card heart suit. After seven heart leads South was down to four clubs and two aces. The eighth heart lead squeezed him out of the ace of spades and West cashed the jack.

This time South threw away a club, whereupon West led a club and Joe made the rest of the tricks with his clubs.

Incidentally, if anyone wants to know why North did not rescue his partner the answer is that I have been unable to figure out any reason in the 35 years since the hand was played.

♥-CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been: South—West—North—East 1♣—Pass—1♠—Pass 2NT—Pass—3♠—Pass

You, South, hold: ♠AKQJ1098765432 ♥AK1054

What do you do? A—You have spades. This bid shows the ace and interest in a

TODAY'S QUESTION Partner continues with a bid of three no-trump. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

a passport in leather...

THE Diplomat
BY
Pioneer.
the mark of a man



PIONEER STRITCHWAY
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with every motion

The continental touch! A French tubular belt designed for the man of discerning taste... Pin-point stitching accents the luxury leather.

Flying home?



Instead of flying First Class direct to the East Coast of the U.S.A., why not fly "Tourist" by K.L.M. and see all beautiful Europe for the same fare.


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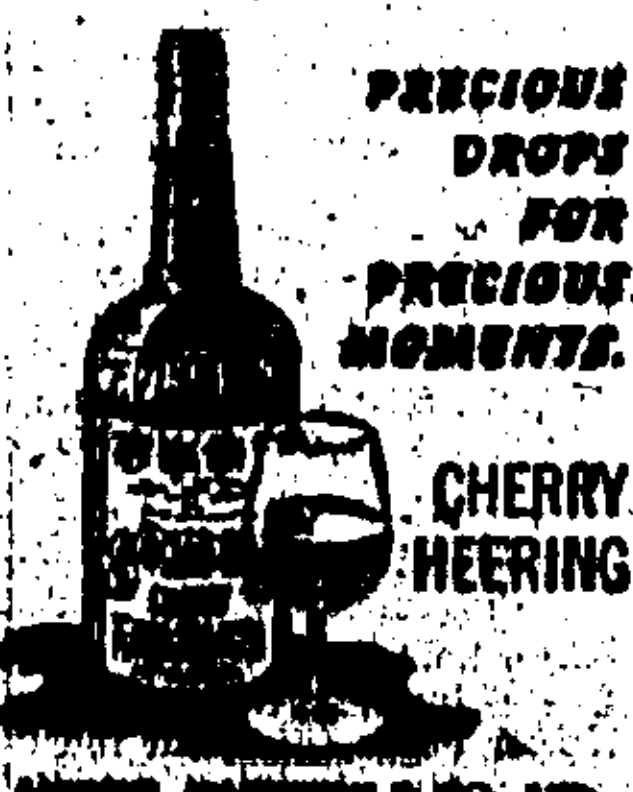
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Men Who Changed Sport

THE FIRST OVER-ARM BOWLER

No-Balled Seven Times But He Altered Cricket Bowling Rule

By DEREK JOHN

The capacity crowd watching the match between the All-England XI and Surrey at the Oval one scorching day in August, 1862, was restless with excitement. Already, England, batting first, had put up the staggering score of 503—a record at the time. Three of England's batsmen between them had accounted for more than 300. And then Surrey went in to bat. The county side's position seemed hopeless.

England's captain put Edgar Willsher on to bowl first. Willsher, tall and slim, was the demon bowler of his day. He had the previous year delivered 100 successive balls for only one run during a game between England's XI and the Broughton Club.

Willsher's long left arm delivered the first two over without incident, and without conceding a single run.

Violated Law

But when he sent down the first ball of his third over, in a loud voice that was heard all over the stadium, the umpire, Mr. John Lillywhite, shouted: "No ball!"

Willsher thought it was a joke. But, in fact, he had violated a fundamental law of the game which, in those days of round-arm bowling, clearly stated that no bowler should deliver the ball from above shoulder height. He walked back from the crease, smiling condescendingly at the umpire.

He sent his second ball straight down the middle. But his smile faded when the umpire shouted even more loudly: "No ball!"

It was the same next time—and the next. In all, he was no-balled seven times.

After that Willsher lost his temper. Angerily, he flung the ball away from him. Then he stormed off the field.

All the other professionals in the England side followed. "An angry mob of spectators staged a noisy demonstration. The rest of the players, silent and surprised, remained on the ground until stumps were drawn in the evening."

It was this incident that changed Law X of the Rules of Cricket—the law which forbade bowlers to lift their bowling arm above shoulder height during their delivery.

Rule Pointless

Willsher, in common with many bowlers of his day, had considered the rule pointless.

After long discussion, the ruling authorities of cricket, announced on June 10, 1864, that all restrictions "as to height of hand in delivery" were abolished.

Willsher, born at Reventon, Kent, on November 22, 1829, started his cricket career at the age of nine.

He was the son of a farmer—youngest of 14 children. At the age of 13, Willsher, already showing promise as an all-round cricketer, was invited to play for the Guildhurst Boys' XI.

Later, the Bearshead Cricket Club selected him to play regularly for its team, and he held his place until 1850.

He made his first-class debut with the Kent county side in the 1850 season.

A Favourite

His fast and rippling round-arm bowling made him a favourite with cricket fans all over England, and it was not long before he was invited to play for his country.

Today, Willsher's style would probably strike no fear into batsmen. But in his day, his bowling, delivered after a short fast walk to the crease, with a twist from the leg to the off, had the

best batsmen in the country baffled.

A contemporary chronicler described Willsher's bowling as "brilliant in the extreme."

As a batsman, Willsher was a forceful, steady hitter. Willsher appeared with Kent for over 25 years.

Even after his retirement from the active list, he could not keep away from the game.

For a while he managed the Princess Ground, London, and later became an umpire of first-class matches.

Willsher died on October 7, 1895, aged 66. He is buried at Lewisham Cemetery.

His Epitaph

On his tombstone are inscribed the following words:

"Sacred to the memory of Edgar Willsher, cricketer, who played for his native county, Kent, for over a quarter of a century. This stone was erected to his memory by a great

number of those who had witnessed his brilliant performances in the cricket field and who respected his sterling qualities.

Many years after his death, a story circulated in cricket circles that the 1862 incident at The Oval had been deliberately planned by Willsher and Lillywhite to force the authorities to take action.

Close Friends

It was well-known that both men had been close friends for years.

It was also common knowledge that Lillywhite had often told Willsher in public that if he ever umpired a match in which Willsher was playing, he would not tell him every time.

The truth will never be known.

But Willsher's name must go down in cricket history as the man who changed Law X—and gave the game a "new look" in bowling.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)



Ted Fenton Was "Terrified" When He First Joined West Ham BOY TO BOSS—IN SOCCER'S FAMILY TEAM

By ALAN HOBY

A PALE, dark-haired boy, big for his age, walked along a passage at the Boleyn Football Ground, Upton Park. Nervously he paused at the door of the manager's office and knocked. "Come in," boomed a voice. The boy went in....

Inside, a man with a moustache like an angry bath brush looked up and rumbled: "Well, boy, how do you like it here?"

Without waiting for a reply, the man with the moustache—his name was Syd King—handed the boy his first week's wages—15 shillings.

That was in 1930—when Ted Fenton was 10. It was also just two seasons before West Ham United were relegated to the Second Division—a disaster the leading Fenton was never to forget.

Today, 28 years and one world war later, that anxious ground staff boy is himself the Boss—at a four-figure salary—in sole and confident charge of the happiest family team in football.

A long way

Today the raw kid who used to sweep out the first-team dressing rooms and polish the brasses until they shone like Life Guardsman's breastplates, is sweeping along on a wave of starting success—success which touched its peak recently when West Ham, the Second Division champions, topped mighty Wolves, champions of the First Division.

"Yes," says Fenton, "we've come a long way—West Ham and I."

"In those old days I was a very obedient boy—unlike some of the modern youngsters—and did all kinds of jobs for my fifteen bob."

"One was to work a special machine which made studs for

the boots of such old-time "Hammer" heroes as Ted Hutton, Jim Russell, and Vic Watson.

"I remember how awestruck I was every time I helped them with their boots."

Another of young Fenton's chores before he graduated to the team as a "rough-looking half-back" was to polish the moustaches on the seats of the directors' box.

On the move

Now he too has his own name on a post—a fact which, although he is 44, gives him as great a thrill as that epic day last season when West Ham won promotion to the First Division.

But Edward Fenton does not live in the past—even if he has

learned from it. Provided you can nail him—and this First Division "new boy" is fearlessly on the move, 14 hours a day from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.—he will talk football as his young "Hammer" play it.

I managed to nail him when he gave me a lift from Fulham to Chelsea after he had watched one of his youth sides—West Ham's run 4-2 team—play Fulham in the Metropolitan League.

"I shall only catch the second half of the Chelsea-Spurs game," he told me, "but my youngsters might get jealous if they thought I was interested only in the big stuff—which I'm not."

"I love watching my young lads. They are the West Ham stars of tomorrow."

The Fenton Formula? "The manager whose name and fame may soon be up in the fabulous Busby-Cullis-Drake class paused for a moment."

"URGENT—that's the keynote at West Ham," he said. "Speed of thought and movement. Intelligent building up. Sweeping 40-yard moves out of defence—like in chess, I play chess."

"My formula—the West Ham formula—is based on the old-time flying winger—on the style of fliers like Russell, Cliff Eastin, Joe Hulme, Eric Brook, and Sammy Crooks."

"It's almost a dead art in modern football, but I think we're bringing it alive again at West Ham through Malcolm Muggeridge and Mike Grice."

No 'bashers'

At centre-forward, Fenton goes back to old-fashioned footballing leaders like Dixie Dean and Vic Watson for his 1933 inspiration. Watson and Dean held the line together. So does Vic Keeble with West Ham today.

"I won't have bashers," declares Fenton, and codd Haddock, the great Hungarian, as the most perfect post-war centre-forward product.

In training, Fenton shows the same restless improvisation and zeal. "After the Wolves match I was out most morning, stripped and training with the team."

Part of a elastic and over-changing "Fenton Formula" training tournament, which is planned to improve individual skills and ball control.

West Ham stars practice "chipping" over an 8ft. bar into a square behind, dribbling round posts in a certain time (the old St. Matthews trick); and driving raking cross-kicks through a specially marked square.

The ultimate objective there is an individual points table. Not now, perhaps, but all part of the

progressive West Ham design for better football.

Fenton also believes in creating fan atmosphere. When play flags in the colosseum cauldron of Upton Park, a lone trumpeter on the terraces blasts out the "Post-horn Gallop."

The trumpeter

This trumpet tooting is no accident. The "Post-horn Gallop" is the West Ham theme song—a long-established rallying call—and you have only to stand on the terraces of the "chicken run," opposite the main stand, to feel the electric effect.

Will West Ham—the team with nine 210 players—conquer the feat of Tottenham Hotspur in 1951 and win the First Division championship the

year after they took the Second Division title?

Will Fenton—and his formula—lead London's bid this season to break the Wolves and Manchester United monopoly of the First Division championship?

If I knew the answer I would be a rich man. But one thing I do know:—

Apart from two years at Colchester as player-manager Ted Fenton has been with West Ham as a player, assistant manager, and now manager, all his football life. The continued success of West Ham is as necessary and urgent to him as breathing and eating.

The ex-ground staff boy who was "terrified" of his first boss has one objective—to get to the top.... fast.

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

South China Caught Up In A Web Of Their Own Spinning?

By I. M. MACTAVISH

The recent experience of South China in India and Burma brings home in the most graphic way the complexities which are today strangling the best intentions and ideals of international sport.

Only the most ostrich minded — or the most naive — of individuals can be ignorant of the powerful and persistent influences which have diverted sport from its intended path . . . and it would be foolish to pretend that we can escape them here in Hongkong.

It is probably true in fact to say that our affairs are even more complicated than those of most other countries and it is surely becoming obvious that Colony touring teams are not only facing greater difficulties, but also carrying a greater burden of responsibility, and in consequence require much closer vetting than ever before.

Just That

South China have, according to many enlightened persons, been caught up in a web of their own spinning and these same people maintain that a Hongkong team on tour should be just that and nothing more. Make no mistake about the fact that as a genuine un-garnished HONGKONG team South China would have been welcome visitors in both India and Burma.

Some reports would seem to indicate that on occasions South China aspired to something different and as a result they tumbled into the dark canyon of embarrassment that eventually

straddled their road. There are eyes and ears everywhere these days.

All the threats of legal action against various organisations will not cloud the real issue and there can surely be little doubt that great countries like India and Burma would not have acted as they did without good cause and without the most reliable evidence to support their decision.

Greatest Sympathy

One can only have the greatest individual sympathy for South China's players. They are enmeshed in difficult entanglements and many of them were probably completely innocent in act or intention . . . and those players who are Hongkong international representatives are entitled to feel particularly bitter.

It is a sad indication of our time that such things should be so . . . but regrettably they are, and those who control

our football affairs must be ready to admit them and see that permits to tour are granted only after the closest examination of the itinerary . . . and the team personnel involved.

FA Sponsored Tours?

A suggestion was made to me yesterday that with KMB, Kwong Wah and South China in mind it might be timely for the HKFA to put a temporary stop to tours by individual clubs and restrict these overseas activities to bona fide representative sides sponsored by the FA itself . . . or, if desired, by the CFA or the CAFA.

By this means greater importance would be given to the tour and greater prestige imparted to the players and officials involved. Much greater control would also be possible.

As official representative teams our travelling footballers might be spared the treatment which has been limited out to South China.

★ ★ ★
A trip to the area of the Missions to Seamen during the week would have done the old pugilistic peoplers the world of good.

Last Saturday I wrote about the coaching course being run by the Army and I am glad to report that according to the men in charge it has been a great success . . . in fact it has been a much greater success than even the keenest planners anticipated.

This was no normal office hours' affair. The boxing activities were continued each evening and the facilities were then extended to include a number of civilians sponsored by the HKFA which is encouraging them to qualify as ring-officers.

Boxing in Hongkong will benefit greatly from the enterprise which has been shown by the organisers of this current course.

I predict we are going to have a first class fistic season.

★ ★ ★
The Colony softball season will open officially tomorrow.

To the men who hunt, barack, and bang homers over the fence this is the big day. It is also a great occasion for the vociferous fans who pack the King's Park stands to cheer their favourites and "razz" the opposition.

Elsewhere the experts have analysed the season's prospects and dissecting the players with uncanny accuracy.

I make no pretence of being a 'ball' fan but somehow I never cease to marvel at the enthusiasm which the game generates among its adherents and if you are one of the uninitiated I would like to suggest that you make the trip to King's Park for the opening ceremony tomorrow.

Television Coverage

You will not be disappointed. All the traditional trimmings will be there — players, officials, and cheerleaders in a big parade headed by the Hongkong Police Band.

The usual battery of sports-writers and cameramen will be in attendance and this year, for the first time, the television cameras will be present to carry the colourful parade to a bigger audience than ever before.

Incidentally the stay at home audience will have the scene described for them by popular Harold Wingate who has been a power of strength in the Hongkong Softball Association for so many years.

★ ★ ★
What reward can an amateur sportsman receive and still maintain his amateur status?

That has been in many minds during the last week or two by happenings in the widely separated parts of the world.

In Europe a strong move has been launched to increase the permissible value of prizes from £12 to £40 and while it is reported that there is plenty of support for the proposal, there are many who see it as the thin edge of the wedge to make the value of the reward the real reason for participation rather than the possibility of winning for winning's sake.

While all that was happening a small paragraph in a newspaper stated that a present of wrist watches had been made to the successful Malayan

footballers.

In these days it is difficult to imagine anyone being able to obtain the type of watch which is usually associated with presentations for the equivalent of £12.

It is easy to recall the outburst which surrounded KMB just over a year ago when it was alleged that the players had been the recipients of certain gifts from their President and one must wonder if senior officials are direct in allowing their names to be directly connected with such happenings.

Another Incident

In the case of the Malayan players there may be no cause for genuine concern as regards the value of the gifts they have received but another incident which has occurred in a more distant part of the world shows that ways and means are sometimes sought to circumvent the spirit of the rules of amateurism.

In preparing its representatives for participation in an important international competition one country is reported to have "clothed" its athletes in the best uniforms that money could buy and had included a gold watch in each individual's luggage in order that the representatives' appearances would be both pleasing and prompt.

Makes you think . . . doesn't it?

★ ★ ★
Once again it is my pleasure to offer congratulations to popular Helen Kwong who is on the verge of a Colony record which — if she is successful in setting it up — may stand unchallenged for many many years to come.

Miss Kwong has already been a Colony Triples Champion at Badminton and in the current Lawn Bowls Championship she has so far collected the honours in the Singles and Triples events with the pairs final due to be played off tomorrow.

Her partnership with Mrs Selina Silva is a very powerful asset and it would be a major upset if they failed to win. Nothing is so uncertain as a sporting result . . . but if the form book proves to be reliable we should be halting a wonderful feat of consistency and versatility tomorrow evening with Miss Kwong 'twice a triples champion'.

Three Bowls Finals This Week-end

Three more events of the 1958 Colony lawn bowls Open Championship will be concluded this week-end, leaving only the Men's singles final to be fought out on Saturday, September 20 before the curtain wrings down on the Championships season.

This afternoon, the Hongkong Cricket Club green may be the venue of a record feat — as Changempowers' Miss Helen Kwong and Mrs Selina Silva take on the CCC-KCC combination of Mrs Mangle Ma and Mrs Dots Baker in the ladies' pairs final.

Helen has already won the Ladies' singles and triples title, and a win for her and her partner in this event will make her not only the first lady bowler to have won the lawn bowls triple title but also the first sportswoman to be crowned triple champion in two sports — lawn bowls and badminton.

Favourites

As the holders of this event's title, she and Mrs Silva will start as favourites in today's match. However, now that they have nothing to lose against such reputed opponents, Mrs Ma and

Mrs Baker may for once be able to play their usual game of tension and nervousness, and may put up a much better fight than many would expect.

Also taking place today at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club is the final of the Men's rinks event between Recrelo's J. M. Gutierrez, H. A. Ozorio, S. E. Sousa, and C. E. Passos, and Talkoo Club's J. S. Skedd, G. Stark, J. B. Baxter and B. B. Marshall.

Close Game

An extremely close game is expected here as both teams are evenly matched, man to man. If there is any slight superiority enjoyed by the Talkoo four it is in the lead and No. 2 positions, where both J. S. Skedd and G. Stark have been bowling with marked consistency in their side's last few matches. A reproduction of their accurate form may see

the dockmen the proud owners of the U. M. Omar trophy for the coming year.

Tomorrow will see the final of the men's pairs event at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club between the holders, E. G. Burns and K. Lee, and P. H. Shaw and F. O. Madar.

Shaw and Madar have joined their berth in the final the hard way. Starting as a long-odds combination, they got through round after round with unexpected victories and last week claimed their biggest triumph so far when they eliminated KCC's Jack Chubb and T. E. Baker in the semi-final by 20-11.

World Singles

On their performances, this combination is fully capable of winning the world championship, but their greatest stumbling block will probably be Francis Lee, who has never been bowling so well before as he is doing this season.

By
ROBERT TAY



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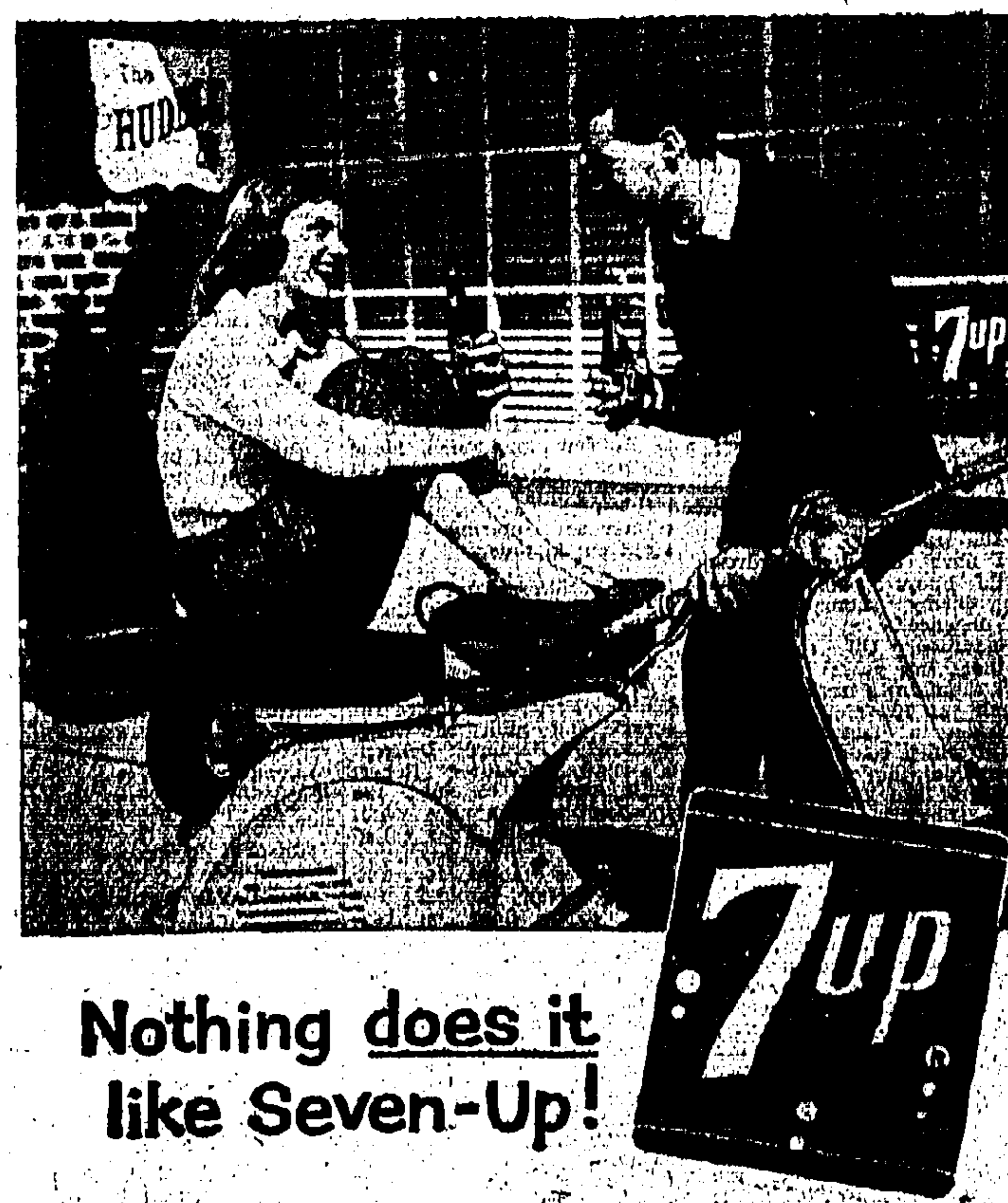


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